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## CURRENT COMMENT.

SOVIET RUSSIA has been celebrating its sixth anniversary, and this fact makes one wonder how many years longer our State Department will suffer from a Russian astigmatism. Mr. Hughes has repeatedly explained that he could not recognize the Russian Government because it was a dictatorship, because it was established by force and violence, because it would not acknowledge the foreign debts of former Russian Governments, and because the country was unproductive. Events have robbed these reasons of any trace of validity. To-day governmental dictatorships established by force and violence are as common in Europe as Governments that do not pay their foreign debts, and a dozen or more of them are permitted to maintain diplomatic establishments at Washington. As for productivity, there are many millions of inhabitants of other countries in Europe who may well envy the Russian people on that score to-day.

EUROPEAN economists have stated that two good harvests would rehabilitate Russia. The Russian peasants have just reaped one, and the prediction seems to stand. Recent visitors have noted a marked industrial recuperation. The governmental budget seems rapidly reaching the stage where it will balance itself without the aid of the printing-press. A new gold-standard valuta is being established by the simple process of repudiating the earlier Revolutionary currency, after the fashion adopted in our own country after the Revolutionary War. Political freedom, either in a real sense or under the delusive forms of parliamentary democracy, has not been secured, but since the Russian masses never possessed this, they apparently do not miss it overmuch. Probably they find ample compensation in the fact that the natural resources of their country have been liberated from the control of privilege, and they no longer have to pay a daily toll from their lives to an all-powerful absentee-proprietorship. If the land is free, doubtless even the Cheka, or its less drastic successor, will be accepted for a period as an instrument for helping to preserve this freedom.

THE SOCIALISTS in the German Cabinet have at last given up their portfolios, apparently under considerable violent impulsion from the comrades of the rank and file. In-

deed, the proletarian politicians presented a melancholy spectacle as members of a Government which sent an army to overthrow a legally constituted Socialist regime in Saxony, while it did nothing to curb an illegal Fascist dictatorship in Bavaria. Our guess is that Herr Stresemann can struggle along just as well without them, whether he has to construct a new Cabinet or not. For a period they were serviceable as camouflage, but Herr Stresemann has been pushed so far to the Right that he no longer can use them for that purpose. His real troubles lie elsewhere. On the one side he is faced by the possibility of an uprising of the masses driven by the propelling power of starvation, on the other he is confronted with the increasingly arrogant demands of the Fascists. The fifth anniversary of the German Republic is at hand. Maximilian Harden recently expressed a doubt that the Republic would survive to see that day. He anticipated the rise of a military dictatorship on the ruins. Recent events have brought a dictatorship nearer, and if Herr Stresemann has not the power to make it effective, it is not beyond the range of possibility that the Bavarians will attempt to bring it to Berlin.

THE Paris bureau of the New York *World* reports that since the armistice France has loaned upwards of five billion francs to the various Continental Governments within its sphere of influence, and that the French Government is preparing to establish credits amounting to an additional billion and a half francs. The Governments of Poland, Jugo-Slavia, Rumania, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Austria, Esthonia and Lithuania have participated in the French bounty, and in addition substantial sums were invested in the Russian adventures of Wrangel and Denikin. This apparent diversion of funds is, of course, merely a setting up of credits which slip into the pockets of privileged interests in France through provision of war-materials, rolling-stock and the like for the satellite Governments involved. For instance, according to the *World*, the whole French portion of the international loan to Hungary will go to the Schneider-Creusot firm for building a new port at Budapest. Thus the shrewd M. Poincaré combines the manufacture of political cement for his European structure with the time-honoured process of stimulating the business of favoured groups among the home-folks. Under the circumstances, references to the French debt to Great Britain and the United States would be highly indelicate.

POLAND has been one of the chief beneficiaries of M. Poincaré's generosity, but as the money loaned was all spent on guns, air-planes and other military equipment made in France, it has not helped the Polish treasury, which now contains little except obligations. Poland, having been selected by France to fill the rôle of a buffer-State between Russia and Germany, was compelled to assume such a large burden of armament in order to play the part that its finances have collapsed under the strain. In August the Polish mark stood at 300,000 to the dollar; last week it had reached two million to the dollar, and it is still falling. The rapid rise in the cost of living has brought on an epidemic of strikes. Mr. Walter Duranty of the New York *Times*, on a recent visit to Warsaw, found that from



twenty-five to forty per cent of the industrial workers there were either on strike or unemployed; and the morning after he arrived a quarter of a million textile-workers walked out at Lodz. It is possible that the policy of militarism and repression may result in an internal upheaval that will effect a material change in the complexion of the Polish State, but it seems more probable that the Polish Government will be compelled to follow the example of Austria and Hungary and mortgage itself to the bankers, under a dictatorship sponsored by the League of Nations.

SINCE the disastrous winter of 1921-22, the United States has experienced a certain improvement in business-conditions, together with a vast amount of loose talk about prosperity. This prosperity, such as it is, has been built up behind a tariff-wall as high as Haman's gallows, and has been characterized by the speeding-up of production to meet the needs of a protected domestic market. The shortages created during the depression of 1921 had first to be made good, and down to the present time the producer has been able to take advantage of the accrued demand, and to turn out, for the home-market, more goods than that market would normally consume. In an article published in the *Magazine of Wall Street*, Dr. Julius Klein, director of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, points out that the productive capacity of the country is so great that even an abnormal demand can hardly remain long unsatisfied. The makers of pig-iron can turn out ten million tons per year in excess of the maximum consumption recorded since 1916. The boot-and-shoe factories have a capacity of 400,000,000 pairs per annum, but the American people have never yet purchased more than 300,000,000 pairs. The automobile factories are now producing at the rate of 300,000 cars a month, but Dr. Klein doubts if any one expects that the country will buy another three million cars in 1924. With such capacity available, Dr. Klein is of the opinion that production in many lines is now running so far ahead of current consumption that the domestic market will presently be saturated. In this situation, one is naturally moved to ask, what next?

THE answer, according to Dr. Klein, is simply this; either the export-trade must be developed, or else we shall have idle factories, unemployment and hard times. If we may depend upon the judgment of Wall Street, as expressed in the general trend of stock-and-bond prices for the last six months, it is the second alternative rather than the first that is to be faced. From midsummer, 1921, to March of the present year, the stock-market rose steadily on the crest of increasing production; but since March there has been an equally steady decline. From this movement of prices one gets the notion that "the street" is already tolerably well satisfied that we are approaching a condition of surfeit from which we can not hope to escape by calling in the Old World to redress the balance of the New. If the American Government wanted to do something towards remedying this condition and putting the country in the way of a normal economic life, it could make a beginning by cancelling the Allied indebtedness and clearing away the tariff; but the prospect of doing as much as this to help Europe to buy from us and sell to us is remote indeed.

A SUBSCRIBER who lives in Manila has written to tell us that we are all wrong about the Filipinos. He says: "You would not find a single white man, except he is a crook, who would agree with you. The Filipinos can not govern themselves, but as all Orientals are very smart and 100 per cent more crooked than a white crook, there are characteristics in the Filipinos that are simply puzzling." This

is the imperialists' best line of argument—that the backward peoples need to be bossed around for their own good. The mention of any possibility of advantage to the bosses is usually considered to be in bad taste; and yet our correspondent allows himself to say in a postscript that if the Philippines became independent, every white man who stayed in the islands would be ruined or killed within four years. This puts the case rather badly for the Americans. At best, it means that they have been helping the Filipinos in a way that the Filipinos have not learned, in a quarter of a century, to understand; at worst it means that the Americans are helping themselves in a fashion that is possible only under the protection of a military escort.

In the same quarter of the world with our own Philippines, the Russian Soviet Government also had an imperialist inheritance from the days before the war, in the shape of a protectorate over the Chinese province of Outer Mongolia. This protectorate was established in the period of the revolution in China, ostensibly at the request of certain Mongolian princes, and as a matter of course the arrangement was far from acceptable to Peking. After the Russian Revolution, the Soviet Government declared the old treaty with Mongolia null and void, and signed a new treaty which recognized the "People's Government of Mongolia" as the only legal Government in that region. Inasmuch as the Soviet authorities have maintained Russian troops within the territory of this "People's Government," and have refused to withdraw them at the request of the Chinese Government, the new arrangement bears not a little resemblance to the old one. In its treaties with Turkey and with Persia, and in its general proposals to China, the Soviet Government has established a policy of surrendering all the old Tsarist concessions, but in Mongolia the Russians were apparently adhering to the old imperialist tradition. It is only recently that we have seen, in a dispatch from Peking, an indication that this inconsistency may soon be removed. The head of the Soviet mission has now stated that "Russia is ready to withdraw the last of the Russian troops from Mongolia when China is able to guarantee no more White Guard attacks from this territory." It remains to be seen whether or not this commitment is of more value than our own promise of a generation ago to get out of the Philippines.

If it is true that President Coolidge has selected Mr. Frank B. Kellogg, sometime Senator from Minnesota, to succeed to Mr. George Harvey's knee-breeches in London, the President is merely following an amiable custom of his predecessor. Mr. Harding displayed an unfailing tenderness for deserving lame ducks, and plumped them back on the public pay-roll at every opportunity, even in the most exalted positions. Mr. Kellogg received his disability at the last election, when the good people of Minnesota, having tested his quality as a Senator for one term, voted by some 160,000 majority to retire him to private life. Apparently, as far as Mr. Kellogg's career in his own State is concerned, there is no reason why he should not be exported. On the other hand, his undistinguished record offers no explanation as to why he should be chosen to represent his fellow-citizens at what is still our most important diplomatic post abroad. It must be added, however, that in the present reign of mediocrity in British politics, Mr. Kellogg will not feel out of place.

ARE we about to enter upon another period of debate over the gold-standard, bimetalism and fiat money such as agitated politics and business a generation ago? The sudden appearance in Great Britain of a demand for the inflation



of the currency would seem to indicate that the advocates of cheap money may again become prominent on the stage. The particular incitement to inflation in Great Britain appears to be the unemployment-crisis, and the difficulty of financing extended undertakings designed to give employment and increase the volume of trade, unless the money is drawn straight from the printing-press. Where so influential a financier as Mr. Reginald McKenna, formerly Chancellor of the Exchequer and now head of the London Joint City and Midland Bank, dallies with the question as he has lately been doing in the *London Spectator*, while Lord Rothermere launches a vigorous attack on the proposal in the *Daily Mail*, the question can not properly be dismissed as academic. We leave it to specialists to say whether or not the present volume of British currency is too small for the legitimate needs of the country; but the possibility of resorting to inflation properly so-called, as a means of remedying a chaotic industrial and commercial situation which Great Britain itself has had a large share in bringing about, can only be regarded as a reflection upon human intelligence.

MR. S. STANWOOD MENKEN of the National Security League is feeling insecure again. In a speech to the Y. M. C. A. boys he has pointed out that while heavy-calibre patriots like himself urge greater preparation for the imminent danger of a foreign invasion, some of the young folks read the pacifistic *New Republic* "with the same perverted sense as those of another time peeked into obscene literature." Mr. Menken gave warning that any group of foreign bandits could now build a Zeppelin which would wipe out all our cities. In fact Mr. Lenin and his fellow-criminals are likely to do this at "any moment," for they long "to extend their area of rapine and annihilation to our shores." According to this faithful Cassandra, there are 600,000 Communists already among us—some 200,000 more, we note, than are said to be in Russia—all busily engaged in attacking our right to prosper and to bring up our own children. They are "a bitter, determined, unbalanced, ignorant lot," virtually all foreigners. The alien menace is real to Mr. Menken; indeed, one might say, almost more than real. Possibly it would help if he consulted an alienist.

THOSE German propagandists are at it again in Russia! The *Central European Observer* of Prague reports that an exhibition of some 40,000 German books and publications has recently been held in the Museum of History at Moscow. The affair was inaugurated by Lunacharsky, the Russian Commissioner of Education, who expressed his admiration for a cultural activity that has survived and still persists, in the face of the most grievous hardships. The publishing-business in England, France and the United States has also survived, and the learned societies of Russia have begged for crumbs from the Western table. The Russians are in no position to be choosy; if they are pretty well restricted to a Russo-German fare, the Western peoples have only themselves to blame.

THE MEXICAN GOVERNMENT is going ahead with the work of partitioning large holdings among the peons, and according to a late report, 92,000 farmers have already profited by the distribution. When such a change is in progress, the question always arises whether a reduction in output will not result from the substitution of primitive methods of cultivation for the more elaborate operations of the large estates. The answer, or at least one good answer, is that the small farmers can themselves employ the methods and machines that are commonly used only by the large proprietors, if they will only go into business on the co-operative plan. According to a statement issued

by the All-American Co-operative Commission, this is exactly what some of the Mexican farmers are doing. Several thousand of them have joined co-operative societies, and some of these societies have purchased tractors and other farm-machinery for common use. It is precisely this sort of development that we have hoped would follow upon the wholesale distribution of land in eastern Europe; and it is this that will make the peasant something else than the rigid conservative that he has been, for example, in France since the Revolution.

GENERAL PERSHING has issued through the National Security League another of his trumpet-calls urging his fellow-citizens to prepare more zealously for the next war against countries unknown. The veterans of the world-war, he declares, are gradually getting beyond the age when they will make the most serviceable cannon-fodder, so it behooves the new generation to go to the training-camps and the like and learn the gentle art of slaughtering the next official enemy. General Pershing adds a warning that the campaign for preparedness is being combated by certain pacifist organizations "fostered and supported, either directly or indirectly, by alien or other agencies which are inimical to our form of government." We trust the pacifist organizations will take this matter up and compel the General to give a bill of particulars. If hostile alien-agencies are distributing money hereabouts to keep the boys out of the trenches of the training-camps, and the General knows about it, it would seem to be his duty, not to confine himself to vague, unsupported alarms, but to make his evidence public. If he has no evidence, his statement is caddish in the extreme, and his fellow-citizens must be forced to conclude that he has joined the ignoble band of self-styled patrioteers who are wont to assert that every one who disagrees with them is a traitor.

WE yield to no one in our admiration for history as a noble form of literature, and as an indispensable reminder of what humanity has suffered and achieved. The announcement of the 150-volume history of the world-war which the Carnegie Foundation for International Peace is subsidizing, however, gives us pause; and we are not in the least reassured by learning that the work will contain the quintessence of more than two hundred miles of shelved documents, distilled by the combined efforts of more than two hundred editors and research-workers. If the volumes are of the average size usually affected in such undertakings, the attentive reading of any one of them would keep a leisured person pretty busy for a week, or about three years for the series; which means, of course, that the work as a whole will never be read by anybody. There is certainly much need of a definitive history of one of the greatest calamities that has ever befallen the human race; but when we see the embattled historians, backed by an endowment of several millions, advancing to the attack with such a solid front as this, we are reminded of a cartoon in a Paris newspaper, representing a Negro jazz-band in full action, and bearing the subscribed legend: "When will this thing also disarm?"

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## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### TAFFY WAS A WELSHMAN.

TAFFY'S distinguished compatriot has sailed away after splitting the ears of American groundlings for several profitable weeks. He has attracted attention, in the highways and in the press, greatly out of proportion to his present political importance, though not out of proportion to his Thespian ability. On the score of dramatic ingenuity he is the cleverest of the long procession of European politicians who have brought their axes to Uncle Sam's grindstone during the past few years, and his welcome here has been a tribute to that quality. If the British press has expressed astonishment at the amount of emotional enthusiasm with which he has been greeted by a certain element of the population in our principal cities, one can now, after sampling the man's quality at first hand, retort by an expression of complete amazement that our British cousins were able to tolerate such a specious charlatan in conspicuous posts of public honour over such a long period of years. Though we would not accuse Americans of being a people of superior political acuteness, we doubt if Lloyd George's superficial popularity in this country could have survived a visit of four months. His limitations are fixed by the fact that even the cleverest political orator can not fool all the people all the time.

Mr. Lloyd George is a consummate orator of the catch-as-catch-can type. His manner conveys the impression of spontaneity, deep conviction and fine moral fervour, and he calls into play a wide range of vocal resourcefulness, including an effective tremolo note which he employed lavishly on American audiences. With instant command of any of the forensic tricks in his bag, he says whatever comes into his head under the exigency of the moment; and thus he is able to arouse his immediate auditors to sympathetic enthusiasm, whereas if one checks him up over a considerable period the results are amazing.

For instance, early last summer, in the course of a controversy with the *London Times* over his criticisms of the French Government for attempting to squeeze exorbitant sums out of Germany, Mr. Lloyd George asserted that he had never demanded an indemnity of more than £2,500 million. Yet in January, 1921, he was insisting on an indemnity of £3,500 million plus twelve per cent on exports; and in May, 1921, he demanded a sum between £3,300 million and £4,500 million under threat of an occupation of the Ruhr. Again, in a public speech a few months ago, Mr. Lloyd George intimated that the Allies had never agreed to make peace on the basis of the Wilsonian fourteen points, though a little research uncovered the fact that after the Germans asked for a peace on that basis, he himself had signed an Allied memorandum to the German negotiators specifically accepting such terms. To take just one more example: on 5 January, 1918, in a speech in London, Mr. Lloyd George declared that his Government "was not fighting to deprive Turkey of its capital or of the rich and renowned lands of Asia Minor and Thrace, which are predominantly Turkish in race." Yet at that moment, as Mr. Lloyd George well knew, his Government was under treaty obligation to turn over the Turkish capital to the Russian Government and to give certain other Turkish lands to Italy and France; while by reciprocal agreement the other Governments in the deal were pledged to support the British Government in acquiring large patches of Turkish territory, including Palestine and Mesopo-

tamia. Furthermore, a year and a quarter later, Lloyd George, in violation of the armistice, pushed the Greek armies into Asia Minor to pick these chestnuts of Turkish real estate out of the fire for him.

It is not necessary to continue, even if editorial space permitted, this catalogue of Mr. Lloyd George's striking inconsistencies. In England they are matters of record, and they have slowly percolated into the public mind. In our own country, fortunately, the average citizen has been under no necessity to follow critically the wide divagations of Mr. Lloyd George. Thus when he appeared in New York, Chicago, Indianapolis, and other cities as the apostle of a moderate and reasonable policy towards prostrate Germany, with a plea "to clear the road for the angel's message of peace on earth and good-will among men," thousands of naïve American listeners accepted his pose at face-value. No rude person with a memory rose up to point out that Mr. Lloyd George, when other fashions prevailed, was the apostle of "the knock-out blow," that he won his last election on the slogan of "Hang the Kaiser," and that five years ago he was making speeches demanding "fullest indemnities," which, his *fidus Achates* in his Cabinet explained, meant "squeezing Germany until you hear the pips squeak."

To the sophisticated person with such recollections of the Lloyd George of blood and iron, in the bad old days when he was at the height of his glory, some of the Welshman's most affecting poses in the course of his American progress were sadly marred. We confess, for instance, that we read with a decided feeling of nausea the description of Mr. Lloyd George's visit to Springfield, Illinois, where, after standing for two minutes "reverently and in silent prayer and meditation" beside Lincoln's tomb, he made a speech in which by implication he likened Lincoln's charitableness towards a fallen foe to his own attitude. "The doctrine of the pagan world," he said, "was woe to the conquered. Lincoln's doctrine was: Reconcile the vanquished. It is time for remembering that vengeance is the justice of the savage, and that conciliation is the triumph of civilization over barbarism." Squeeze 'em until you hear the pips squeak!

"Britain," asserted the famous Welsh tremolo in Indianapolis, "had no selfish interest in that war." This is an interesting assurance from the lips of the British statesman who, as soon as Germany weakened, rushed his troops from the trenches to ship them to the most remote strategic points to consummate the largest land-grabbing adventure of modern times. "Why did we quarrel with Germany?" he added. "Because Germany was attempting to crush the independence of a little land which we had vowed to protect." Yet it was Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Lloyd George's colleague in the Government, who gave assurances to the Russian Foreign Minister in 1912 that, in case of a war involving France and Germany, England would come to the aid of her French ally with both sea- and land-forces; and on 8 February, 1922, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Mr. Lloyd George's leader in the House of Commons, admitted under a fire of questions that England had been bound by her commitments to France to enter the war, irrespective of whether Belgium was invaded or not. Probably, under the spell of Mr. Lloyd George's emotional appeal, plain facts of this character do not arise to trouble his hearers, but in the cold, grey dawn of the morning after they make his arguments appear mighty shabby.

We would not seem to speak with undue harshness against Mr. Lloyd George personally for his parsimony in respect of plain truth. That quality is inherent in



his trade, which is that of statesmanship, and he is a very canny statesman indeed. A philosophical American who was in a position to observe intimately the customs of European statesmen during the crowded days of sixty years ago, concluded that their habitual mendacity sprang from the fact that they lived in a world of unrealities of their own creation, where, as in the land of Mother Goose, everything was possible. Indeed there is an old nursery-rhyme of perfect irrelevance which might have been written by Palmerston, by Mr. Lloyd George or any great statesman of modern times. It reads:

Hey, diddle-diddle!  
The cat and the fiddle;  
The cow jumped over the moon.  
The little dog laughed  
To see such sport,  
And the dish ran away with the spoon.

In a similar vein of pure nonsense Mr. Lloyd George addressed his audience in his final speech in New York. "Why did we enter the war? Why did you enter the war? You can not tell, you can not tell—mystic—the wind bloweth where it listeth, and we know not whence it cometh nor whither it goeth." In fact the time-honoured jingle gives us a key to almost any speech by Mr. Lloyd George, or, let us say, to a statement by Mr. Hughes about Russia or about his latest essay in altruism in the Caribbean, or to the recent communiqué issued by Mr. Baldwin explaining that there were no points of disagreement between his Government and that of M. Poincaré.

When Mr. Lloyd George assures American audiences that M. Poincaré has run off with the spoon, he receives respectful attention, but in his own land he has sent so many cows over the moon that no one any longer gives ear to his irrelevancies. It is unlikely, therefore, that his American demonstration will serve to restore his fallen political fortunes. He knows, however, that any itinerant British politician who came home with even the semblance of a pledge of co-operation from Brother Jonathan, could get almost anything he asked at the hustings; and with that knowledge he displayed to us a full assortment of terrifying portents which, he asserted, could only be allayed if the two great Nordic peoples bound themselves together in the cause of democracy and peace. The polite element cheered his persistent references to the two emblems of Anglo-Saxon enlightenment intertwined together, but beyond that he apparently got no more substantial encouragement than his predecessors in the long line of foreign salesmen who have come with a weather-eye on the American treasury. Probably the memory of our last European entanglement is still too vivid. It cost us \$22 billion to turn the world over to the imperialists and ourselves to the domestic profiteers.

### THE WAY TO ACADEMIC FREEDOM.

Now that all of the colleges and universities of the country have begun their annual round, one wonders upon which of them the distinction of making another academic martyr will first fall this year. Unless a long line of precedent is to be broken, some professor who until now has apparently been held in honour will, before next June, be invited to pursue the intellectual life elsewhere; or some president who, in addition to increasing the store of buildings and endowment, has sought to affect for the better the educational policy of the institution, will find his career abruptly deflected, and will join the professor in hunting a job. An examination of the reports of the American Association

of University Professors shows that the "firing" of presidents and professors is no monopoly of any State or section, or of either public or private institutions, but may fairly be called a national habit; and we gather from the same reports, and from supplementary accounts in the newspapers, that while cases of arbitrary dismissal for personal misconduct are now and then to be found, practically all of the men who are dropped have been guilty of no greater enormity than saying or doing something that their administrative superiors did not like. There is every reason, accordingly, for assuming that some college or university teacher who began the present academic year with high hopes will have been forced to resign before six months have passed, and that some board of regents or trustees will, within the same period, be looking for a president to replace an incumbent whom, ceremoniously or brusquely, they have kicked out.

Distressing and humiliating as this situation is, we would nevertheless feel less anxiety about it were there any evidence that professors themselves were disposed as a body to take the matter in hand, or that any better method of choosing regents and trustees than now obtains were being worked out. We would certainly hail with lively anticipation any development of a trade-union solidarity among professors, unsatisfactory as trade-union methods undoubtedly are in the regulation of any social difficulty; and we can hardly think of any method of purging corporate boards and keeping them fit that would not have our approval, at least as an experiment. Since, however, there is apparently nothing to be hoped for at once in either of these directions, it seems fair to conclude that the problem of so-called academic freedom, as it has presented itself in American colleges and universities, is a natural concomitant of our system of higher education; and that we shall continue to have the problem, in more or less acute form, until the system is changed. We can hardly think that professors as a class covet martyrdom or deliberately court it, or that "hiring and firing" are consciously the chief preoccupations of the average governing-board. There is much more reason for concluding that the average conditions of university life in this country are not such as to make either intellectual or moral freedom secure, and that the arbitrary dismissal of those who insist upon freedom for their souls is exactly what should be expected.

Why it should be expected was, we think, quite clearly pointed out, although only by implication, by President Hopkins of Dartmouth College, in his address at the beginning of the present term at that institution. What we are doing in this country, President Hopkins suggested to his hearers, is to train young people rather than to educate them. Most of our colleges and universities are really training-schools, not schools of education. Now training, whatever department of knowledge is concerned, has of necessity a precise, limited and dogmatic character. Its aim is efficiency; its methods are those of drill, routine and conformity to place; and its fruit is a species of cult whose shibboleth is competence. One who is trained is "able to do," and by the perfection of his doing is his worth evaluated. Education, on the contrary, is very little concerned with training; to fit one to "do" anything in particular is an extremely minor part of its province; what it seeks is the development of the intellectual powers, the moral discrimination, and the tastes of the individual to whom its processes are applied. To emphasize training as we have long done in this country is to put the cart before the horse. The beneficent usefulness of training is to be perceived only



when the person whose powers are trained has first been educated; and it is precisely because we have made no serious attempt to preserve the distinction that we find such shocking incompetency, in the treatment of fundamental social situations, on the part of men and women whose training, in the proper sense of the term, has run the whole gamut of thoroughness.

Whenever, accordingly, a professor or a president, chafing under the restrictions which routine imposes upon him, steps over into the field of education and concerns himself with the fundamental values of life, he comes at once into collision with the system. He has been told that he was an educator, and much iteration has probably led him to believe that the assertion is true; but what he finds in fact is that he is only a drill-master. The intellectual or moral or æsthetic preparation which he is expected to give to his students is a preparation not for life but for competence; and when the corporation which hires him and furnishes his tools discovers that he no longer confines himself to the work for which he is paid, his dismissal is likely to be a foregone conclusion. No professor is in any danger of being removed until he has first been disillusioned, and even so he may stay on indefinitely if only he will learn to bite his lip and choke back his chagrin. How barren of fruit the situation is, however, becomes apparent when one observes the pitifully small influence which our colleges and universities exercise in the domain of thought, and how few of the impulses to social betterment which throb among the masses owe their origin or their direction to our institutions of learning. There is no other country in the world in which the scholar does not count in public affairs, but the "scholar in politics" is with us only a theme for jest. The only way to secure for the academic world the liberty of thought, speech and action which is now denied, and for want of which the intellectual life of the nation is drying and hardening into formalism, is to make education and not training the foundation of the system. The change will not be an easy one to accomplish, and the lure of efficiency and practicality will doubtless continue to seduce presidents, professors and governing-boards with its enchantments; but there is weighty authority for affirming that it profits a man nothing to gain the whole world, if, in gaining it, he loses his own soul.

### ZIONISM.

WE may or may not be witnessing the beginning of the end of the Zionist experiment; a positive affirmation on either side of the question at this moment could be little more than prophecy. Very possibly the attempt to create a Jewish homeland in Palestine may continue to be pressed for years to come; and the vested interests which appear to be behind the movement would not in any event be likely to attract attention to their failure, if failure there be, by suddenly abandoning the enterprise. Nevertheless there is some reason for thinking that the undertaking has passed its zenith, that the high hopes which appeared to attach to it have been only very moderately realized, and that both Jewish and general interest in the movement has appreciably declined. If Palestine is ever to become in reality a Jewish State, if the Jewish race is ever to look to Palestine as its country more than any other, the outcome in either case seems destined to fall considerably below the ideal that has been set up. We would be the last to attempt a final judgment upon the merits of the debates and personal bickerings which have attended the Zionist movement from the beginning; but with the future of Zionism apparently hang-

ing in the balance, and a record of achievement which the most lavish advertising can not make brilliant, it will not be inappropriate to inquire whether there was ever sufficient reason for believing that Zionism would succeed.

To begin at the beginning, what sure and convincing grounds were there for thinking that the Jewish people, as a people, had anything more than a sentimental interest in the establishment of a Jewish State, whether in Palestine or anywhere else, or that any other than a sentimental interest could be developed? A sentimental interest there undoubtedly was, backed by a long historical recollection whose force is not to be denied; but while racial sentiment and tradition may be powerful incentives for maintaining a State already in being, they are rather poor reasons for founding a new one, and still poorer ones for expecting that the new State will be able to keep going even if it is set up. The history of the Jewish race has been so completely divorced for ages from nationalist interests and ambitions, the Jewish people have been so obviously citizens of the world rather than of any country or place, that one can not help wondering how the leaders of the organized Zionist movement could have hoped to change this ancient habit, and awaken a permanent, widespread or vital interest in a localized Jewry. May it not be that Zionism, notwithstanding all the appearance of a world-wide propaganda to give it vogue, has been after all only the dream of a few leaders to whom the spread of Jewish influence in the modern world could be ensured only by achieving a local habitation and a name? Instead of wondering why the Jews should have advanced so proudly and confidently toward Zion, only to draw back, may we not rather suspect that they never in fact advanced at all?

Our first question has to do with the racial foundations of the movement; our second concerns its political affiliations. Is it not a fact that Zionism, instead of being in the full and proper sense an international movement, has been almost from the first so tinged with British colour as to justify the world at large in thinking of it as to a considerable extent British-directed if not British-owned? Have not its plans been worked out principally on British soil under British influence—Jewish influences, no doubt, but also British; have not its propaganda-funds been drawn most largely and steadily from British sources; and has not the political support of Great Britain been the political support most striven for, and most enthusiastically applauded when it has been won? We are much inclined to think that, without the favour of Great Britain, Zionism would still be waiting for even the first realization of its hopes; and since we are quite unable to see anything genuinely international in recent British policy, but only a persistent grasping after imperial power and control, we naturally wonder what part Zionism has played, or perhaps has been ingeniously made to play, in the imperial plan. A small Jewish State in Palestine, sheltered under the wing of Great Britain because obviously unable to make its way alone, appears like a useful pawn in the imperial game when the designs of France in the Near East are to be checkmated, or Egypt and Arabia controlled, or the Suez Canal made more secure. If this is so, it is not wholly unreasonable to suspect that Zionism, hampered from its inception by the indifference of the Jewish people as a whole, may have suffered even among its own supporters from the revolt against British imperial pretensions which has grown so mightily in volume ever since the Paris peace-treaties opened the eyes of the world.



These are questions which, as it seems to us, those who still profess hope for the full success of the Zionist experiment would do well to clear of doubt. There is a further difficulty, however, appreciably more weighty. Ever since the world-war, the inherent evils of nationalism have become more and more glaring. No one who knows at first-hand the central and eastern Europe which the peace-treaties erected, feels much confidence to-day in the permanent survival of any of the new nationalistic States that were then set up. The very principle of nationalism, with its emphasis upon race, language, religion and social habit, its offensive and defensive devices, and its dependence upon alliances to preserve its foothold in the political mêlée, is opposed from the bottom to the development of the true internationalism through which alone the world of privilege and rivalry may hope for happiness and peace. Where stands the Zionist movement in this world-wide struggle? Is the maintenance of a small racial State, composed at best of such persons only as can be induced to abandon their international habits and transform themselves into nationalists, likely to help or hinder the growth of international-mindedness? Would Jewish culture, long a potent force in every enlightened State, take on new potency if by any chance it could itself be localized? We make no positive assertions, but we frankly fear that a Jewish Palestine, even if it realized all that its most sanguine promoters have hoped, would long remain a politically dependent State, that its political dependence would inevitably make it a subject of intrigue, and that no problem of world-happiness or of Jewish welfare would be made much easier of solution by the attainment of a qualified and unstable success. If such a fear is well-grounded, there need be no lament if Zionism passes now into the shadow. "Above history," said Goethe, "is humanity"; and the Jewish people and Jewish culture will continue to play their part in the world even though an adventitious Zion should cease to be.

### MISCELLANY.

THE late Dr. Steinmetz seems to have been too busy to get rich, for he left behind him hardly any property but a great name. His whole estate, I hear, amounted to \$1500 and a motor-car eleven years old. It is quite amusing to read the newspaper-comment on his utter lack of acquisitiveness and his belief in socialism; both these being naturally uncomprehended by the general run of editors. Why should a man who could without effort make an enormous fortune show no interest in accumulating anything at all, and why should a man who could do so well out of the established order show himself an enemy to that order? There are persons who can answer those questions without being in the least puzzled or put about by them; but such persons are not chosen to direct the editorial policy of our newspapers.

THE career of Dr. Steinmetz brought back to my remembrance the unusual and striking word that Condorcet uses when he says that it is more *convenient* to live for others than for oneself, because it is in living for others that one most effectively lives for oneself. Bishop Wilson, too, the great religious genius of the Anglo-Saxon breed, once said in his downright, common-sense way, that it is not so much in our neighbour's interest as in our own that we should love him. Probably Dr. Steinmetz would have been very little interested in hearing himself called an idealist, or in being told that his theory of life corresponded with that of Condorcet and Bishop Wilson. He might have replied that he was merely enjoying life in his own way, taking hold of it by what seemed to be the

right end for his own advantage, and that this struck him as a highly practical thing to do.

I HOPE that the world will go its present gait from bad to worse until it is clearly perceived that those whom we now call impractical idealists, the poets, the artists, and such as carry Steinmetz's views of life into any vocation or avocation, are the only truly practical men and the only wholly trustworthy guides to follow. Those whom we have long chosen to glorify as practical men are having their innings now, unchecked and undisturbed, and if they keep on a little longer, they will have made so complete a mess of everything that no one can fail to get their measure. The present generation, as well as I can guess, is pretty well given over to the Mussolinis, Morgans, Stinneses and Poincarés: this is the hey-day of the "practical man." The next generation will probably have too bad a start and be too much shaken up to develop any power of reflection worth speaking of: but the next after that will probably do some disinterested thinking. I should not be surprised if perhaps one hundred years from now, one could expound Dr. Steinmetz's philosophy of life to the average American—or nearly the average, at any rate—without taking too long a chance of its being either overmuch ridiculed or wholly misunderstood; and that is a great deal. If the United States can, as a whole, civilize itself to that extent in a hundred years, it will have done exceedingly well; but it can hardly hope to do so unless the "practical man" keeps his hold upon its development for some time yet.

SOME ONE sent for my entertainment the other day a printed copy of a speech made by the president of some advertising agency or advertising-men's association, to an audience of advertising-men. The speech was a turgid, ignorant, almost illiterate glorification of the present economic order, especially as against socialism. This struck me as rather odd. Advertising depends directly upon purchasing-power; the more purchasing-power there is, and the more widely it is distributed, the better for the advertising business, presumably: and these two things are the direct object of socialism. Socialism proposes to increase purchasing-power and to distribute it much more widely than it is distributed under the present system. One might suppose, therefore, that advertising-men might find it worth looking into. Possibly socialism will not do what it proposes to do; but in that case the guiding spirits of the advertising business ought to make speeches that show an intelligent acquaintance with its weaknesses, and not make it the object of mere silly slangwhanging.

I WOULD wager that this gentleman could no more have told his audience what socialism is, or differentiated among its variants, than he could tell them what Grimm's law is, or Joule's equivalent. They do somewhat differently in Europe. If one goes into the statistical department of a great industrial corporation in Berlin or Paris, one is struck by the amount of exact information available about all the unorthodox social theories and movements on the face of the earth. The Comité des Forges, for example, will furnish you immediately with any book in any language, I think, on the subject of communism, and be delighted to have you sit there comfortably and read it as long as you please; and the librarian will be only too happy to straighten out any little difficulties for you, and give you references to other works that might elucidate this or that obscure point. I may not say that the statistical department of the United States Steel Corporation could not do as well by an inquiring visitor, for I never tried; but if it could, then Mr. Gary and Mr. Schwab, judging by their published utterances, have neglected their opportunities scandalously. Representatives of the Comité des Forges



will say plainly, in reply to a question, that they expect some form of communism to be "the next thing," and therefore they think it advisable to know something about communism; and this seems rather like good sense, after all.

THIRTY years ago St. Stephen's College, although a denominational school, as it still is, gave the best type of education, in my judgment, to be found in the country. It then began to go downhill, and has only of late begun to pick up. I see by a brief notice in the papers the other day that it has set a pretty good fashion for all the rest of the educational institutions in this mis-educated and badly-educated land. The trustees and faculty have come to an agreement whereby the entire control of academic policy rests with the faculty, thus making the faculty and not the trustees the custodians of "academic freedom." The president of the college becomes a mere executive; the faculty elects its own presiding officer, while the president has a seat and a vote, like a professor. This plan will not work perfectly, no doubt, but it is so much better than anything I have heard of elsewhere that it seems almost millennial. If St. Stephen's College could now only emancipate itself from the incarnation of imbecility known as the Regents, it might once more become a place where one could get something that somewhat resembles an education.

JOURNEYMAN.

## POETRY.

### ON THE TITLE-PAGE OF "THAÏS."

*"I have compassion on this people."*

The kindly race of men and gods has passed  
Beyond these wars of chaos and dark time,  
And it is fit that you should be the last

In whose clear soul, dear Master, the sublime  
White dream of Greece is muted by the sound  
Of lute and psalmody and coloured rhyme.

Last of the classics, lover of the round  
And sunny fruit, the flower of words, in you  
The endless quarrel of the schools is crowned.

A sphinx upon the desert's void and blue,  
Subtle and sad above the ageless Nile—  
For what is immortality to you?—

You love the dear delusions that beguile  
The waking dreams of men; about them clings  
The splendour of your fine ironic smile.

Around the ancient idol ever swings  
A dance of fauns beneath the olive trees,  
The sides are blazoned with exquisite things.

Through orchards purple with anemones,  
The Pucelle moves in armour maiden-white,  
And Thaïs dreams beside the chanting seas.

Like candles moving in a windless night,  
These daughters of your soul will follow you  
To where eternity lies lost in light.

No heavenly house of souls will be your due—  
Aspasia, Lucretius and old Pan  
Will walk beneath the roses and the yew.

The gods of wrath and pain with evil fan  
Have reaped their fill; wild asses have made bare  
The dedicated temple that is Man.

I thank you, O my Master, wise and rare,  
And praise the desperate hour when in you  
I glimpsed once more Apollo's flying hair.

In leaves of gold, in vales of secret blue,  
Still gleams the ancient sanctuary where  
The Beauty of the World will rise anew.

CUTHBERT WRIGHT.

## THE MOOD OF SATIRE.

IN "Jude the Obscure" there is a point where Mr. Hardy piles so many misfortunes upon the head of his hero that the man's plight almost ceases to have tragic meaning; the strain becomes too great for tears. Suddenly one breaks through the web of fantasy into downright laughter, and if one goes back to the story again it is no longer with a feeling of its terrible inevitability. When in the daily round this break occurs without our willing it, the result is what the Germans call "gallows-humour," and in the dismal, catastrophic atmosphere of the trenches or a pioneer's camp this humour is the only substitute for complete spiritual extinction. Satire, it seems to me, develops in much the same sort of situation; but it confronts the invulnerable dragon and turns him into a gargoyle: instead of slaying the enemy, satire gives him wings. While caricature merely distorts the object that it attacks, satire transforms one's relation to it, and, as Mr. Chesterton once pointed out, its effective triumphs are based upon a complete understanding of the person or the institution with which it deals.

Recently I have come across one or two examples which seem to indicate that satire may not be too foreign after all to the temper of our time and country. One of them is on an office-building in the heart of New York's automobile-district. As one walks towards it, there is nothing to indicate at first that it is not a clean and vigorous piece of merely mechanical architecture; but when one comes abreast of the façade one discovers that it displays a series of little grotesques which serve any purpose on the building except that of sober advertisement. Are they inflated with the Spirit of Service: do they sing the Triumph of Wheels? Not at all. With a few pert little grimaces they show the smutty mechanic, the ubiquitous service-man; then the stenographer lounging dreamily over her dictation, a whiskered old gentleman of puritanic aspect taking a moneybag out of the safe, and alongside him, finally, a gay young lady in silk knickers smoking a cigarette. In short, the artist has given something like an outline of the life that swirls around this particular district of the great city. I have no notion of exaggerating the importance of this little dab of satiric sculpture; it is enough to emphasize what a great relief it is from the tedious Roman ostentation which our banks and business-buildings think necessary for the preservation of commercial morale. If the spirit of these little grotesques really got loose in America, there is no telling how many false fronts would not totter, or what sacred institutions might not have their chaff and straw stuffings obscenely exposed to the passerby.

Now, satire differs from moral indignation and from the more sanctimonious efforts at reform by the fact that it marches step by step with the very thing that it attempts to criticize. It makes friends with its opponent; it takes on his manners and gestures until, by ever so small a touch of exaggeration, it betrays the fact that the thing which it seems to be and with which it seems to sympathize is a mockery. So in "Candide," when Dr. Pangloss discourses on optimism his remarks at first seem almost as philosophic as those of Leibnitz; it is only by their juxtaposition with some palpable infamy or injustice that one arrives at the conclusion that Leibnitz's conception of the divine order is as idiotic as Dr. Pangloss's. In "Babbitt," Mr. Sinclair Lewis again and again steps on the border of satire, as in the excellent scene that describes the pomp and panoply of a Floral Heights bathroom. Some unfortunate strain of moral righteousness, how-



ever, makes Mr. Lewis disclose too early in the game that he is not on Mr. Babbitt's side; and so the ritualists of business never become absurd enough to make Main Street and Zenith laugh at themselves.

The point I would make is that satire is implicit in a great many solemn and august institutions; it is just because the practices of the business-community are so dismal and disheartening, and because the community itself is so solid and powerful, that we can outflank them with laughter. As it needs only a slight pass of the mind to turn a statesman like Daniel Webster or William McKinley into one of M. Anatole France's penguins, so it needs only a little aloof mockery to put many staid institutions into such ridiculous postures that it would be a strain to keep them up. I can not help thinking that the artist who wields either a mallet or a pen would have a roaring good time once he looked around upon the American scene with a little sympathetic interest. It is his business to demolish in his fellow-creatures the illusion of reality, and to provide them with a more permanent conception of their place and destiny. Is not satire an excellent weapon for breaking down that illusion, and for showing *das ganz Gemeine* as something which ceases to return every morning when we give up our belief in it?

Unconsciously, those who have been most saturated with the commercial spirit are most likely to drive it to a point where it is too grotesque for acceptance; it is no accident that those who are in revolt against the barrenness and ugliness of our modern industrial environment come from the raw little towns in the Middle West where the processes of culture have had scarcely any life of their own divorced from gainful occupations. There may shortly come a time when a sheer exaggeration of the commercial spirit will have an effect upon the artist equivalent to a medical inoculation of the disease that there is danger of catching. A friend of mine told of such a grotesquerie the other day. It is in a little town in Pennsylvania, which boasts a mountain-park, given by a generous burgher to his fellow-citizens; at the top one has a fine view of the landscape, and every circumstance tends to relieve the mind from the pressure of sordid matters. On the highest point the grateful citizens of the town have erected a sundial; and in a mood of self-expression they have carved upon it: Time is Valuable.

It would not take a particularly apt pupil to turn this solemn platitude into a first-rate satire; a mediæval stone-mason would have showed strings of tired business men snoring at their desks, or being driven blindfolded through a paradise of scenery, or punching the time-clock as they reached the top of their climb. Indeed, with just a little persuasion, the burghers themselves might see the point. It is the very nature of satire not to demand any more of its victims than the victims themselves are willing to grant: Swift's dreadful picture of humanity in "Gulliver's Travels" leaves one discomfited not because he points out that human beings are not angels, but because he reminds us that they occasionally are not even human. It may be by precisely such an attack that the artist could show that the people who preach Americanization are not really Americans, that the folk who would convert the heathen are not even Christians, and that the gentlemen who cling tenaciously to servile and sweated labour are not even captains of industry.

Satire in this sense is another name for self-consciousness. Is America perhaps ready to wake up shortly with a sheepish grin, like a man who has been snoring in company? LEWIS MUMFORD.

## CROSS AND CROWN IN ITALY.

THE restoration of the crucifix to the schoolrooms of Italy stands as an outward and visible sign of the attempt of the Fascisti to mould an international religion to the needs of a religious nationalism. Historically, Catholicism has been more often attacked than befriended by the prophets of nationalism; it has been said repeatedly that the systems of thought represented, respectively, by the Catholic Church and the national State are in their essence irreconcilable. The Fascist attempt therefore runs against precedent, and is for that very reason all the more interesting.

The French Revolution did not father the idea that an organized religion which overlays several States will limit the power of these States by dividing the allegiance of the peoples. Some of the politicians of Martin Luther's time saw clearly enough that the religion most serviceable to the State is the religion that can be most closely identified with it, and most completely controlled by it. Many of the princes of central and northern Europe acted on this principle in the period of the Reformation, and profited accordingly, but it remained for the French Directorate to attempt to push this policy to its logical conclusion. In the course of history, the human concept of divinity had moved outward from local and tribal deities to a cosmic god; but man was now called upon to withdraw his spirit within the limits of the nation, which was itself to be his god.

The Directoral experiment with the cult of nationalism is a subject of compelling interest. In the course of the Revolution, the Church had already been deprived of its property and divorced from the authority of the Pope, and at the same time, the establishment of a number of national festivals had laid the foundation for a new faith. With this much already accomplished, the Government now made a deliberate and systematic attempt to develop the cult of the *patrie* as a substitute for historical Christianity. Wherever it proved practicable, the Catholics who insisted upon maintaining their form of worship were compelled to transfer their chief celebrations from the Sabbath to the tenth and last day of the Republican week; but much more important was the institution of rival celebrations of a national character, to be conducted by municipal officials in full regalia. At these new decadal or tenth-day ceremonials, held commonly in the churches, the officials read the laws and other enactments of the current week, together with disquisitions drawn from the Government's *Decadal Bulletin*, on such subjects as the useful arts and the virtues of man and of the citizen. It was intended that these national festivals should eventually supersede the services of the Church, and considerable progress had already been made in this direction when the overthrow of the Directorate put an end to the experiment.

Napoleon not only withdrew the support of the Government from the new cult, but presently concluded with the Papacy a Concordat which practically restored Roman Catholicism to the position of the State Church of France. The First Consul had apparently reversed the religious policy of the Directorate, but it has been suggested that his actions were inspired by motives very similar to those of the Directors themselves. It may be that he recognized, as clearly as the Directors, the political value of a cult coterminous with the State; it may be that in 1801 he already looked forward to the time when the international Church under his control would serve to give to an international empire, also under his control, a measure of that coherence which the national cult had



been designed to give the national State of France. However that may be, it is worth noting that the revival and intensification of national feeling in France, after the Franco-German war, brought a renewal of the attack upon the international Church, under the leadership of that prince of anti-clerical patriots, Léon Gambetta.

In Germany, and still more in England, the power of Roman Catholicism was so seriously reduced in the period of the Reformation that the nationalists of those countries could hardly point to the Church, as Gambetta did, and say, "There is the enemy." Nevertheless it is a remarkable fact that Bismarck, the partisan of autocracy, and Gambetta, the bourgeois Republican, were agreed upon at least one proposition—that the international Church is a menace to the power of the national State. The so-called *Kulturkampf* between Church and State in Germany was a struggle as bitter as the contest between clericals and anti-clericals in France.

In Italy, too, the nationalist leaders have usually been on bad terms with the Church. Mazzini was from the beginning anti-clerical, but in the period preceding the Revolution of 1848, one of the nationalist groups advocated the federation of the Italian States under the leadership of the Papacy. When Mazzini and Garibaldi attempted in 1849 to establish a republican State centring at Rome, the Pope repudiated the nationalist cause, and thereafter did everything in his power to enlist the Catholics of Italy against the movement for unification. From this time onward, the people had to choose between clericalism and nationalism, and it was only natural that Cavour, the Bismarck of Italy, should adopt in the Sardinian Kingdom a strongly anti-clerical policy which involved the expulsion of the Jesuits and the suppression of nearly 350 monasteries. When the Italian States were finally united around the Kingdom of Sardinia, the question of the relations between the national State and the international Church continued to be a source of constant irritation. Although there was no formal divorce of Church and State, the Government continued to suppress monasteries and to confiscate ecclesiastical property, while the Pope prohibited his followers from voting and from holding public office. In 1905 this prohibition was withdrawn, but the Pope still remained "the prisoner of the Vatican," and as late as 1914 he appealed once more for the restoration of the temporal power—that is, for the repartition of Italy.

Thus it seems that in their *rapprochement* with Catholicism, the Fascisti are going against all the major precedents of the last hundred and fifty years. It may be said, of course, that the example of republicans like Mazzini and Garibaldi can have no force with the Fascist group; but to this one can only reply that such monarchists as Cavour and Bismarck have rivalled the republicans themselves in the ardour of their anti-clericalism. Since the French Revolution, the leading nationalists of Europe have been sometimes republicans and sometimes monarchists, but almost to a man they have been anti-Catholic, just as, for reasons not altogether different, they have been anti-Socialist. It is difficult to understand, then, how the Fascisti can reconcile their friendliness for the Church with that all-consuming nationalism which is supposed to characterize their party. If they were less devoted to the all-powerful national State, and more concerned for the freedom of the individual, one might suppose them to be convinced, as Lord Acton was, that the only hope of liberty lies in a division of power between the national State and the international Church. This is

the argument of a liberal Catholic, but the Fascisti have no traffic with liberalism, and it is not easy to see how they can profit by any association with the Church which does not involve the capture of the Papacy and its complete subordination to the State.

GEROID TANQUARY ROBINSON.

### BRONZE.

PIETRO's age was like that of certain trees which have lost the thrust of youth, though they have not yet begun to weaken. It gave the impression of not existing; or perhaps, of being stationary. You felt that ten years ago he already looked as he did to-day. His close, black hair clung over his low brow, and brought his skull down flush with his matted, black eyebrows. His body was short and thick. When he stood on deck, idle, he dropped into a deep, balanced repose, like something eternal. He seemed to be looking on at life, disinterested, and yet intensely human. His long, hairy arms hung down in front of him loosely. It was the posture of an ape. You imagined that in another ten years he would not have changed.

He must have been a sailor for twenty-five or thirty years; neither he nor anyone else could have fixed any dates in that period. Most of those years had been passed in the Mediterranean. After a childhood on the somnolent bay of Palermo, he had set out on the restless pilgrimage of the sailor. It is a pilgrimage without goal, where each stop becomes a destination. In the days when he first came into the luminous embrace of the waterfront at Naples, his blood no doubt ran hot. When he first went ashore, a young man, in Genoa, and picked his way up the steep, crowding alleys, where old men and strapping young girls with black eyes conduct their booths in the open, he must have felt his temples pounding. He never talked of those days; but the ring of an earlier vigour was in the firm consciousness with which he now accepted a wintry fate. He had earned, by a quarter of a century's labour, a pair of hard, creased hands, and a body which was no longer agile. He could not swarm up to a masthead or drop over the side on a line now, as deftly as he once had done. Younger men, who had had more schooling than he, gave him orders. He smelted this knowledge in with the rest. He knew he was not swimming into harbour; the undertow had him by the feet. From the point of view of the world, which allowed him to work for it, he was becoming refuse.

He had deserted from the Italian merchant-marine one night, when his ship put in at New York. His swart face plowed into the streets of the city, like a farmer's blade turning up new soil of whose value he is uncertain. His thick, squat body passed through the streets, detached; and always his ape-like arms dangled in front of him. Despite a certain practical scepticism, he half hoped to find in America a free, spacious life. This new continent could slip Sicily, or all Italy for that matter, into its watch-pocket. Voyages he might make on the Atlantic and the Pacific made his trips between Palermo and Genoa seem like ferry-boat rides. Life would give more elbow-room here. After all, Caruso had become a king in America. And Pietro knew about Caruso.

For two years he had worked on American ships, side by side with Swedes, Irish, Danes, Scots, and occasionally Americans. He brought with him the ancient, deeply-knit sense of the Mediterranean community. In his land men kissed and stabbed in the street. The ships that sailed out of Palermo were an extension of the vineyard and the market-place. A subtle pulse of solidarity beat through their crews. They fought on deck in hatred and jealousy, but they could not, even in hatred, cease to understand each other. They built their lives like a pyra-



mid, emotion interlocking with emotion, to an indestructible peak which each man shared in his soul. These lean, uncouth men from the North on the American ships lived in solitary jungles, destructive and child-like. Pietro saw their curious eyes gleaming at him, as though he were a fire in the dark and they wild beasts. They jeered at him or joked with him, but they could not escape from their jungles. At intervals they tried to burn their way out through whisky, but the illusion of being in the open was temporary. The eyes continued to gleam on the edge of the light; and each ship carried an unresolved chaos.

In its midst Pietro's hunched body performed its work with an air of indifference. While his arms hauled fast on the guy of a derrick, his spirit remained ironic. He knew that his life was independent of this. The tall, blond men gave themselves with deep passion to physical activity. They still dreamed individually of wealth and power; and they despised the Sicilian because he had no ambition.

In the pandemonium which bursts on a ship in port, Pietro still moved with the undisturbed rhythm of his routine at sea. The hatches were opened, and stevedores crawled up and down companionways, as though the holds had suddenly bred a new kind of lice. An inspector from the company was raging because the bilges were clogged with paper and dead rats. No one could explain how thick wads of wrapping-paper had found their way into the covered bilges.

It was the end of the trip, and the ship stood high in the water, nearly empty. In the forward hatch all the cargo was out, except from the lowest hold, where rows of copper bars had been stowed in San Francisco. For hours the longshoremen had been swinging these up, four at a time in heavy chains, but a final, tight layer of them still stretched across the bottom deck. In the grey light of the hold, where one penetrated into a chill antechamber to life, this solid floor of copper smouldered like a bridge between the two sloping flanks of the ship. When the empty chain swung down through the dust for another load, and sprawled itself in a rattling crash on the surface of the metal, two men scurried towards it over the copper, like spiders, and linked the iron sling around the four bars they had prepared. Under their feet the untouched rows burned a dark, unreal pink; gleams of greenish-yellow squirmed over the surface, feeding on the pink and lapping it up, injecting a corrosive jaundice through it. Yet underneath was always the sense of the rich, earthy copper. It was the life in the hold; the men who climbed over it and jerked it from its repose were elongated hooks, merely helpless, sentient crow-bars.

Pietro worked with the rest of the crew, between decks, picking up and stacking dunnage. In a shadowy confusion he saw the forms of the other men leaning over, heaving and pitching the loose lumber. The space above his head, to the shelter-deck, was low, unlike the deep pit of the bottom hold beneath them. The air was filled with a fine, loose dust, so that the other men seemed remote from him, and their faces darkened to a full bistre, gleaming with sweat. Light reached them through the well-like opening of the hatch in the centre. Up and down this the long iron chain creaked at regular intervals, dragging up copper bars from their bed over the ship's keel. Above, where the bars disappeared into the sky, the hatch-covers had been left over half of the wide opening. A shaft of light, coming from a crack between two of the covers, drove a white path diagonally down through the shadows and dust to the deck where the men were working. This slender, rigid stanchion kept them from being entirely isolated from the upper deck and the world. On the other side of the steel hull that surrounded them was the harbour of Boston, but at the

base of this rod of light the crew worked like miners or divers.

Pietro lifted and carried planks with unhurried regularity. The dirt filtered black in his nostrils and lungs. His body was growing tired, and he would be glad when the end of the day came. Yet he felt that vitally this work did not touch him. He even found some pleasure in the sharp solidity with which necessity clothed itself. When he crooked several boards under his long, prehensile arms, his grip was firm with contempt.

Crates of canned salmon from the Columbia river had been stowed here. Their removal had left a litter of boards, broken slabs of wood, sticks, two-by-fours, which had been wedged between the crates to keep them from shifting. Around the opening of the hatch lay the iron strongbacks, pinning down some of this dunnage. When the lower hold had been emptied and filled again for the next voyage, these would be swung out in place across the hatch. The planks were to be stacked in large piles against the ship's sides, the litter of small pieces swept together by the hatch-coaming. Later a canvas sling would be lowered to take this up on deck. The clatter of falling lumber, the breaking of loose ends, the clouds of dust made it impossible to talk. Occasionally a comment was shouted through the din. Pietro had picked his section and worked at it, tramping back and forth to the pile. His dark face was coated with grime. Beneath his low brow a heavy nose spread down into a black moustache. His lower jaw protruded. There was something fixed, antique, in this prehistoric contour, as if his head were an old skull that had been dug up by archaeologists. The English he had learned since his desertion from the Italian ship was rudimentary; in his attempts to express himself he often emitted unintelligible sounds, like the cries of an animal. But his inarticulateness and protruding jaw were forgotten when you looked in his eyes. They were deep, sensitive, brown eyes; they received you with a serious tenderness, but you knew you did not penetrate to their base. Infinitely beneath the tenderness lay an implacable independence. It was something inevitable, like nature. They were the eyes of an old civilization which has been beaten and is unconquered.

"Out of the way, wop!" The end of a long plank swung past Pietro's cheek, hung for a moment in the atmosphere of dust, and vibrated tensely like the legs of a frightened horse. Then it shot forward and landed on the pile. The crash echoed in the low space between the decks. Pietro looked around towards the man who had thrown it and shrugged his shoulders. Then with his free hand he made a gesture of patting the air at the level of his hip. The aloofness of the movement infuriated the tall Swede. It knocked the wind out of the triumph he had felt in his physical prowess. Pietro watched him silently. Ivar Herlitz's tight blue eyes were wedged deep under a broad forehead. His rounded head frizzled with whitish hair. He was about thirty years old, and had made several voyages on other ships as bos'n. On shore he had studied navigation at night-school and by the end of the year would have his third mate's licence. He was beating his way up in the profession he had chosen, and was conscious of his own power and efficiency. The sight of Pietro always exasperated him. The latter was a member of a weaker race, less efficient and therefore inferior. The Swede would have scrapped Pietro and all like him; then the business of the world would move more swiftly. At work Ivar was worth two of the Sicilian, and he knew it. He worked under high pressure; his brain and his hands came together in a pure focus. When he was not working, the light in him went out, he was slag. He was aware in Pietro of a steady, impersonal life, which took no account of his own



standards of efficiency. His contempt for the southerner was blackened by a hatred for this self-contained force he could not understand. It was a hatred that gripped his bowels. He explained it to himself by saying, "He's a lazy wop, that man Pietro. He's no good."

Ivar's fists tightened and he turned for the next plank. It was the last; they were finished on the port side, and the rest of the crew were already shifting over to starboard, where fresh confusion awaited. The sling was rising in the hatchway, like a huge bucket in a well, swinging gently as it went up. Down below, the workers had cleared a swath in the field of pink copper, burning greenish-yellow. How easily it might flow back into its molten state, shining its cool sea-green! And yet none of these were its real colours. One knew that its essence lay in the dull ruddiness of its core, always betrayed when brought to the light. This was the real copper. On it, with its alloys, man had built a civilization. Mixed with tin or zinc it had shared, more than gold or silver, and even more than iron, in his growth. It had given him bronze, and bronze had been the most honourable of metals. Gods had been cast in it to be worshipped. In Rome the priests of Jupiter shaved with the bronze knife; the sites of new towns were marked with ploughshares of bronze. In war men fought with bronze spears and defended themselves with bronze breastplates. This was the metal where strength was fused with beauty. Bronze in the church and the field and the kitchen had reflected man's dreams. The same metal had often submitted itself to many transformations, so that the bronze guns Charlemagne took from the Saxons became the doors and lions' heads in the church at Aix-la-Chapelle. Bronze had caught in its deep ring the fortitude and resonance of the human soul. It was rich and unconquerable. And ruddy copper was still being mined from the earth. But the superiority was gone. Although unconquerable, bronze was already supplanted. Men turned to the keen, inhuman vibration of steel, swift, efficient, and incredibly thin in its blue, naked gleam. Taut, rapt steel, without resonance. These bars of greenish-yellow copper were not for the use of priests. They faced an ignominious dwindling in the rolling-mill. Four at a time they swung up, superbly, through the open hatch.

The hot sweat was working through the roots of Pietro's thick hair, burning his scalp. Drops of it ate their way in a stinging path down his sloping forehead and blinded him. He smeared them off with the back of his sweaty hand. The dunnage was thick and tangled. Herlitz, working a few yards away, was intimately aware of the short Sicilian's movements. He tried, in irritation, to shake off the consciousness of him; but the small, dark figure would not be forgotten. Pietro was leaning over one of the iron strongbacks that held a stick of lumber to the deck. Ivar could have lifted it, but he knew Pietro could not. The latter rested his hands on the cooling iron and looked up through the sweat that trickled from his eyebrows, for some one to give him a hand. In the crashing of lumber his voice could not be heard. Behind him another sling-load of copper was creaking upwards. Ivar, watching, became gradually conscious that the four blunt bars were swinging more widely than usual. They were travelling slowly towards the stocky figure bent over the strongback. Herlitz knew their weight would be relentless, and in imagination he saw Pietro huddled beneath their impact. A gesture would warn the Sicilian, and Ivar tried to lift his hand. But all his hatred for Pietro's heavy jaw and strange, living eyes seemed to ride in on the dull bars. A worthless, mocking Sicilian, with no brow! Ivar's hatred guided the bars. His chest was bound in an iron ring.

The copper hesitated a foot from Pietro, hung motion-

less, and then slowly swung back and out over the hatchway. Ivar went limp as he realized his escape from the hideous blackness that had welled up within him. Before the next swing, the load would be too high to touch Pietro. The latter, unaware, leaned gratefully on the strongback, glad to rest for a moment.

The signal-man on deck, however, had noticed the swinging; his raised hand stopped the winch. Ivar saw the bars coming back. The band contracted again around his chest. His hand would not leave his side. His whole consciousness ran into one frozen instant of dread and hope. He could not move. The others, in the dust and noise, paid no attention.

Then suddenly Ivar's voice ripped open his chest. He could feel it tear through the tissue of his throat.

"Look out! Piet—"

He had waited too long. The great bars, slipping softly past Pietro's arm, settled like darkness on his left hand, as if to weld it into the strongback. His face contracted in agony and he crumpled forward. After a moment's pause, the mass of copper trembled, moved slightly, and started back on its pendulum swing. The crushed hand lay over the strongback.

Ivar was the first to reach Pietro. The Swede's body was a hot, fluid anguish. He put his arm around the limp figure and lifted it. He felt he could not endure the sight of that hand. He knew that he had crushed it, and the knowledge made him tender.

Pietro's eyes opened again, before he lost consciousness. His stare was unseeing, and Ivar read in the dark pupils the unbearable, maddening pain. Then underneath he saw again the impersonal force, inevitable like nature, that he had never understood—a deep human resonance. The Swede's arm grew hard around Pietro's body. And again, he hated him.

LAWRENCE S. MORRIS.

#### A FORTNIGHT IN SANTO DOMINGO.

"CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, poor Admiral, pray to God for the world you discovered!" sang Rubén Darío, the Nicaraguan poet, in a moment of despair over the chronic disorders of Latin America. "Would to God that the waters before unvisited by man had never reflected the white sails; that the astounded stars had never witnessed the arrival of your caravels upon these shores!"

The shores of Santo Domingo alone might well justify Darío's florid desperation—or so I thought as our little packet swayed and lunged in the harbour. Behind the heavy walls of the massive fortress above our bows, the fortress of Santo Domingo de Guzmán, the visionary Columbus himself, according to popular legend, had brooded in chains over his first fall from power; there, under the atrocious rule of his immediate successors, Bobadilla and de Ovando, scores of Arawak caciques had expiated in filthy dungeons and before firing-squads a lesser glory; there, for generations, innumerable Negro and mulatto tyrants and *caudillos* had swaggered before small, ragged armies that were as hopelessly committed to battle unrewarded for the stakes of onlookers as the bedraggled game-cocks of their favourite sport; while diseased and starving prisoners of the Opposition gazed fearfully from their cells about the parade-ground upon the strutting gilt of the autocrat of the day. For four centuries and more, the wheel that had begun to turn in Roldán's mutiny against Columbus had spun head over heels into imprisonment, exile or death virtually every leader who had raised his head above the mongrel population of the island.

When, finally, the luxurious pilot had come aboard and was directing us into the river Ozama, I was shown the



latest version of the perennial political prisoner of La Fuerza. At a breach where the walls of the fort had collapsed into the river, a score or more of Dominicans, clad in convict stripes and under marine guard, were cleaning a small grimy kitchen that backed the aperture. They turned a row of sullen faces upon our upward gazing of idle curiosity and hurled a few words of harshly spoken Spanish upon us.

"Gee, there's a bunch of bad actors!" grinned the American salesman at my elbow. "The last of those bandits who were raising hell around Macoris, those birds are," he informed me.

"Banditti or patriots, according to your view," very suavely observed a Mexican *commercio* at my other elbow.

Just then the foreign flag of the United States of America streamed out from the Homenage tower of the fort.

"Hot dog! there's a sight for sore eyes," the salesman shouted. "That's my view of the situation, Mister."

I remembered that I had taken a vow not to become involved in political controversy, and kept a discreet silence. I was glad to see the Stars and Stripes in this strange land, but my pride was qualified by certain things I had read and heard about the American military occupation of Santo Domingo.

As we crept up the Ozama, flushing its banks with a modest swell, the city seemed to grow in depth and solidity. Certain towers, domes and walls that had appeared in faint outline against a fading night from the sea now showed massively in three dimensions, broke the skyline of brilliant day with a bulk of weathered masonry that pronounced them survivals of the earliest days of this Plymouth of Spanish America. Some, in ruins, were draped with the dark green of tropical foliage, and all were a venerable, dull brown that contrasted sombrely with the garish washes of smaller and newer structures—shops, residences, warehouses, public buildings. Newest of the last seemed the custom-house where we were docking. It was a clean, substantial, unbeautiful structure that suggested strongly modern improvements of the American regime. Above the corrugated-iron roof of its wharf rose a huge, dark shell of ragged limestone that had been the palace of Diego Columbus, son of the Admiral; and higher up, at the crest of a steep slope, the lofty, roofless walls of the church of San Francisco, garlanded with emerald verdure, easily dominated the picturesque decay of this quarter of the town.

The American salesman and the Mexican *commercio* patronized my enthusiasm over these shards of limestone.

"Some town!" drawled the Yankee. "I've seen 'em all from Havana to Buenos Ayres, but this one wins the watch for old junk like that Knights of Columbus Hall, or whatever it is up there."

"If those were the only ruins!" the Mexican smiled affably.

In spite of these deprecations I spent my first day in Santo Domingo de Guzmán paying tribute to the past. I visited the Rosario chapel, on the site of the first town across the river, where Bobadilla read the royal proclamation that deposed Columbus and sailors of the Atlantic fleet had chiselled their names under the faded coat-of-arms of Ferdinand and Isabella. I wandered about the great walls of San Francisco, peered through heavy curtains of *liana* into its ruined nave where laughing Negroes were washing and drying brightly coloured clothes. The Jesuit Convent frowned with a high countenance of pitted and fissured limestone upon the offices of trading companies in the chief business-street of the town. Incongruously enough, it had become the Treasury Department of the Republic. In the palace of Diego

Columbus a convention of Latin-American journalists was meeting to organize their fraternity in the "Cradle of America," as Santo Domingo de Guzmán is called in these countries. Their large company was lost in the halls and galleries of the ruin. In and out of the Presidential Palace, quite the oldest Government building in the Western Hemisphere, hurried American naval and marine officers and very impressive Dominican officials in white drill-suits of faultless cut. This edifice had been so unscrupulously refaced, painted and generally restored that one could not believe that it was more than four hundred years old.

Too often, indeed, the picture was scratched and marred by the zeal for modern improvements. Against a lavishly beautiful tropical background, the Spanish military occupation of the sixteenth century had set its elegance of chapel, church and palace; and, almost maliciously, it seemed, the wires and broad arms of the telephone-service defaced the natural and artificial beauty that had blended so handsomely in four hundred years of tropical weathering. The chapels and churches, furthermore, seemed as vital in the lives of the inhabitants as the telephone-wires. Large groups of worshippers were almost continually going in and out of their cool, dark doorways. Santo Domingo, Mercedes, Regina Angelorum, Santa Barbara, San Miguel and Santa Clara were still frequented after so many generations of continued use. As for the Cathedral, it was still the robust source of spiritual power it had been in the early fortunes of Columbus's Hispaniola. Here lay the disillusioned bones of Darío's *Pobre Almirante*, and here daily came hundreds for such comforts and consolations as modern improvements can not dispense. In the Old World its Romanesque arches would hardly attract the attention of a traveller. But here it was impressive as the sole surviving human institution that had lived uninterruptedly from the days of the first European settlement in the New World into the twentieth century. And this authority and organization, represented in the Cathedral of Santo Domingo City, were not only survivors of imperial Spain of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries—modern times by European standards—but of the really ancient imperialism of Rome. The State, about to be born again with the assistance of the United States of America, had come and vanished into anarchy many times since the temporal power of the poor Admiral was overthrown by Roldan's mutiny, while the life of the Church had throbbed on through four cycles of lugubrious antiphonal ceremony in this little West Indian cathedral. A stranger to its ritual, with Protestantism bred in the bone, I could not help making my obeisance to a robust endurance that had weathered the most violent change and disorder that the history of the New World can show. And if anyone were to contend that this continuity had been bought always at the expense of dubious compromise with the shifting powers of the State in Santo Domingo, he would have to disregard priests of the type of Bartolome de Las Casas, who denounced two kings and their viceroys for their atrocious inhumanity, and Monsignor Adolfo Nouel, the present Archbishop, who has been called the Cardinal Mercier of Santo Domingo since the American intervention.

I had promised myself in visiting the island to practise political indifferentism. The excitement that I sought was not to be found in political controversy. I listened to the pros and cons of the anomalous situation in which the United States finds itself in Santo Domingo, as they were offered passionately or cynically in business or military offices and over café tables; but all the while my eye was roving in libertine delight over the exotic scenes that appeared through doors, windows and archways. In



the heat of the day I viewed these from the café of the Hôtel Français, as past its portals there straggled the most variegated folk I had ever seen. The gated arch by my table would frame for an instant a friar with a weedy beard—his bare, sandalled feet shuffling beneath the trailing hem of a dusty cassock; then a barelegged little Negro with a wooden tray balanced on his round head would stroll by, crying monotonously and plaintively his stock of sweets; a bank-clerk, in crisp linen and with a countenance seemingly as blanched as his well-cut suit amid so many dark faces, would hurry by with the vigorous stride and air of self-consequence of his race; then a handsome mulattress, gowned and shod in the manner of Paris, discreetly looking neither to right nor left, but absorbing every one in her field of vision with a large, luminous brown eye.

Here is a marine sergeant with gray at his temples and that air of boyish honesty and sagacity that the "Old Timer" nearly always wears. He had his horns knocked off in the Philippines twenty years ago when he was a private of infantry, and is old enough to be the father of the second-lieutenant, fresh from Quantico, who hurries along in the opposite direction rigid with the dignity of newly-won gold bars. An old hag of a Negress leans on the gate, offering with a whine three soiled lottery-tickets. Her face is a shrivelled fruit and black as night—a dolorous, evil countenance, with cunning glinting in its deep-set eyes. Perhaps she has officiated as *maman-loi* in voodoo rites over in Haiti and has magic. One is almost afraid not to buy one of her tickets, and wonders if such an old witch might not bring good luck when the lottery-wheel spins on the plaza next Sunday morning. As she fades away like a spectre, a young Dominican man of fashion saunters by, dressed very carefully indeed in a tailor-made suit of white drill and swinging a yellow stick. Under his left arm is a Spanish novel, printed and bound in canary-coloured paper in Barcelona. His self-esteem matches the assurance of the American bank-clerk or second-lieutenant, but he expresses it in a sort of feline complacency. The charcoal-vender belabours his overlaid burro until the animal's desperately hastening hooves slide on the cobbles and threaten the flimsy tower of boxes on his galled back. Small carriages drawn by stunted horses, as cruelly beaten, rush by with gongs sounding. On the shabby upholstery of their back seats loll dandified men of colour or handsome Negroes—officials of some importance, one would surmise from their hauteur and air of preoccupation.

Such a procession as this daily streamed by along the narrow street and sidewalk, under the archway by my table at the Hôtel Français, as I drank my coffee after lunch and gave in to the languors of tropical midday. The broken pageant had a dream-like quality born of the bewildering glare of noon. Dazed by vibrations of light and sound, equally harsh and insistent, one drowns in the profligate, Circean lassitude of the tropics. With my sailing-date for New York so near at hand, however, I could freely and safely indulge in this perilous inertia that drugs so many northerners to a dreamful sleep, restless with nostalgia. The Boston lawyer at the next table, condemned to months of this way of living by the dilatoriness of the natives with whom he had to do business in the capital and elsewhere, was growing desperate. If he had ever been romantic about the tropics, this endless litigation in Santo Domingo had long ago cured him of his yearning.

"I used to think I wanted to see the Orient too," he jeered. "Damn the Orient!" he blurted with an indignation that verged on tears. "Damn the Orient and all half-baked civilizations in the whole wide world. . . . The politeness of Latin Americans . . . their exquisite

courtesy . . . coral reefs and palm trees, and all that sort of thing. . . . Oh, my God! I can smell the hay-fields in Suffolk County, Massachusetts, where a man will tell you politely to go to hell, if that's what he means. . . . If I ever come to this backwater again . . ." He choked with dismay.

The promoter, up from Barahona to buy supplies, was of a different disposition. His twenty years of wandering from Duluth, Minnesota, had confirmed him as an adventurer. The blackwater-fever, typhoid and intermittent malaria, and all the many other varieties of slow or sudden death that had threatened him in these bayous of civilization had not sent him home a sadder and a wiser man. Eminently social fellow that he seemed, he loved the remote solitude where he lived with only Haitian blacks for company. The seven hundred square miles of south Barahona that he hoped to develop for an Ohio syndicate contained such riches as the most feverish dream of natural wealth could not visualize. If he were to survive the malaras and Haitian poisons (he made his cook sample each portion of food he ate) he would retire to Duluth in several years a very rich man—and meet death in the slow poisoning of boredom, I prophesied to myself.

A rancher from the Monti Cristi Valley, at the north-western corner of the Republic, lauded his fabulously fertile soil, which under irrigation would grow fifteen tons of alfalfa per acre per year—a cutting every thirty days at a cost that made it a gift of God. He had fled from Rahway, New Jersey, to his Dominican refuge, fled from the ennui of industrial civilization, and could bear more easily the tedium and isolation of ranch-life in the tropics than the monotonous, daily shuttling from city to suburb of the Jersey commuter. He was an extremely handsome and engaging fellow, and none of the wounds of social failure seemed to smart in his sympathetic personality. Perhaps it had been an excess of candour and vigour that had burst the bonds of professional life for him—he had been an engineer before his ten-year residence in Santo Domingo—and worked in him, upon this newest imperial frontier of the United States, an honest resurrection of the American pioneer.

There were other Americans to be seen but not heard in the café of the Hôtel Français: a group of youngish and middle-aged men of reserved demeanour who represented the interests of the New York sugar-oligarchy in the Dominican Republic. I judged from a certain aplomb and gravity that became them well that they had been born without romantic impulses; that their personalities were closely and severely channelled in the business at hand, whatever that might be for legal deputies of American high finance. At all events, it insulated them so effectively against the casual contacts of the hotel that they might well have been lunching in state in some skyscraper-club in lower Manhattan.

This noon-hour in the café, with its cinematograph of urban folk flashing in the archway and its crisp causeries across table, gave one a representative but extremely superficial view of the land and its people. A glance at the map on the opposite wall told one how shallow this must be, for there one beheld a domain as varied and as large as many of the smaller European countries. In the south-eastern corner was the Barahona Province of which the exuberant promoter had given such a picturesque account. All of its peninsula below eighteen degrees of latitude was his concession, obtained for a song. Far above this line, sugar-cane was growing for the syndicate represented by the legal gentlemen in the corner. Due north, along the Haitian border, one could make out the fertile valley of Monti Cristi, where the Rahway rancher was going to cut his bonanza crops of alfalfa. South-east, from the Capital to the cape that looked out upon



Porto Rico, extended another forest of cane—the mammoth estates of San Isidro, Consuelo, Santa Fé, La Romana, *et al.*, most of them controlled by American interests. In the north-eastern corner of the island lay the finest harbour in the West Indies, Samana Bay, a great sheet of deep water that could float the entire American navy behind impregnable fortifications. The centre of the Republic showed on the map as a vast jumble of lofty mountains, culminating in the peak of Loma Tina, 10,300 feet above sea-level. North of these heavy contours appeared Santiago de los Caballeros, the second city of the land and chief market of the tobacco and cacao-growing region of the Vega Real. Evidently it would take months of travel to see all these provinces and to penetrate into the principal valleys of the central massif, parts of which are still unexplored. With only a fortnight at my disposal I had done well to rehearse for a few days the human spectacle of the capital. I could add to this glimpse the cross-section view of the island that a trip from Santo Domingo City to Santiago de los Caballeros would give me. From there I could motor to the northernmost port, Monti Cristi, and board the boat for New York, taking with me impressions of characteristic landscape and people.

EDWARD TOWNSEND BOOTH.

(To be concluded.)

### THE DEATH OF DAVID HUME.

THE death of David Hume had no elements of the dramatic, but it had a quality all its own. The death of Socrates is one of the classic episodes of literature. But, after all, the cup of hemlock is not the supreme test. Socrates was brave and calm, but austere. Hume managed to be quite amusing. It took him almost two years to die, and in that time he showed more than at any other his true character.

In the spring of 1775, when he was in the sixty-fifth year of his age, with an ample income, a well-stocked cellar and much still to live for, Hume was stricken with a disorder of the intestines, and soon became convinced that it was mortal. The disease promised to prove lingering, however. He had a circle of very admiring friends, and it did not take him long to accept the part of the doomed man. In fact, it must have gratified him immensely. All his life he had felt neglected. He now was the object of all solicitude; there were constant inquiries as to his health, visits of condolence and sympathy. "I now reckon upon a speedy dissolution," are his cheerful words. He made his will and prepared a brief note on his life to be prefixed to an edition of his "Collected Works." "I am," he observes, "or rather was (for that is now the style I must use in speaking of myself, which emboldens me the more to speak my sentiments) I was, I say, a man of mild dispositions." He was in such good spirits, indeed, that his friend Adam Smith, the political economist, felt it necessary to assure his publisher William Straham "that he never affected to make any parade of his magnanimity. He never mentioned the subject except when the conversation naturally led to it." His only complaint was that the doctors were permitting him to die without giving a Greek name to his disease.

Hume, however, had weak moments in which he almost allowed himself to be persuaded that he might after all recover. In April, 1776, he was prevailed upon to make a trip from Edinburgh to London for the sake of his health. After declaring that it would not do him the least good, he set out for Morpeth where he met two of his intimate friends, Adam Smith and John Home. Smith returned to Edinburgh, but Home accompanied Hume to London, and fortunately kept a daily journal of the jour-

ney. "His spirits are astonishing," reports Home; "he talks of his illness, of his death, as matter of no moment, and gives an account of what passed between him and his physician with his usual wit or with more wit than usual." Again: "We had a fine evening as we went from Morpeth to Newcastle. David seeing a pair of pistols in the chaise said that as he had very little at stake, he would indulge me in my humour of fighting the highwayman." Hume passed the time pleasantly enough for his companion, regaling him with stories of French ministers, kings, cardinals, secretaries. He maintained that he had started on the trip to please his friends merely, and almost intimated that they would be the death of him, but he did so with his usual touch of lightness. "You will allow Xenophon to be good authority," he said to Home, "and he lays it down that suppose a man is dying, nobody has the right to kill him." Meanwhile he talked of the cemetery-accommodations he had arranged for in the New Churchyard on the Carlton Hill near Edinburgh. He introduced the matter with a careful regard for the technique of surprise. "I have bought a new piece of ground," he remarked nonchalantly. On one occasion only does he appear to have been petulant. As an accompaniment of his illness, he suffered from a continual heat so that he slept with only one sheet over him. On going to bed one night, he rather unexpectedly complained of cold. It was observed to him that this probably was a good symptom. "Yes," said Hume, "I think so too; it is a good thing to be like other people." When he arrived in London, he felt much improved.

He went to Bath to take the waters, but very soon had a relapse. From then on he grew weaker daily. He returned to Edinburgh determined to die, and in a manner that should be becoming. When Adam Smith confided to him, "I can not help entertaining some faint hopes," Hume hastened to reassure him with the remark, "Your hopes are groundless." A doctor has probably never had a more fine-spirited patient. "I shall tell your friend Colonel Edmonstone," Dr. Dundas said to him one day, "that I left you much better, and in a fair way of recovery." "Doctor," replied Hume promptly, "as I believe that you would not choose to tell anything but the truth, you had better tell him that I am dying just as fast as my enemies, if I have any, could wish, and as easily and cheerfully as my best friends could desire." He was pleased when his friends addressed him as a dying man, as when Colonel Edmondstone applied to him some French verses in which an abbé, in expectation of his own death, lamented his coming separation from a friend. His wit did not leave him till the end. It was at one of the last dinners that Hume ever gave to his intimate circle at Edinburgh that he made the reply which is noted by Lord Henry Brougham. Adam Smith happened to complain of the world as spiteful and ill-natured. "No, no," said Hume, "here am I who have written on all sorts of subjects calculated to excite hostility, moral, political and religious, and yet I have no enemies, except, indeed, all the Whigs, all the Tories, and all the Christians."

Adam Smith tells us that in these last days Hume read Lucian's "Dialogues of the Dead." They had a very enlivening effect upon him. He "diverted himself with inventing several jocular excuses which he supposed he might make to Charon, and with imagining the very surly answers that it might suit the character of Charon to make to him." "Upon further consideration, I thought I might say to him," said Hume, "'Good Charon, I have been correcting my works for a new edition. Allow me a little time that I may see how the public receives the alterations.' But Charon would answer: 'When you have seen the effect of these, you will be for making other alterations. There will be no end of such excuses; so,



honest friend, please step into the boat.' But I might still urge: 'Have a little patience, good Charon, I have been endeavouring to open the eyes of the public. If I live a few years longer, I may have the satisfaction of seeing the downfall of some of the prevailing systems of superstition.' But Charon would then lose all temper and decency: 'You loitering rogue, that will not happen these many hundred years. Do you fancy I will grant you a leave for so long a term? Get into the boat this instant, you lazy, loitering rogue.'"

Quite resigned, and more than prepared, Hume sank rapidly. His works corrected for the new edition, the brief sketch of his life ready, his will executed disposing equitably of all his property, leaving six dozen of port to his old friend Home, he expired gently with a smile upon his face. He had closed a letter to Home on 6 August, 1776, with the words: "I venture to foretell that I shall be yours cordially and sincerely till the month of October next." He died Monday, 26 August, 1776.

WILLIAM SEAGLE.

## AN UP-STATE ANTHOLOGY.

### VII.

It was raining as I climbed the hill to John Parkinson's château, a slow rain of maple-leaves that fell as deliberately as the first snowflakes of winter. The driveway had been laid out with self-conscious artistry, and constructed with no sort of practical sense; in places, the wash of water had rutted the wheel-tracks to the depth of a foot or more, and the last traveller had perhaps found the road almost impassable. Who that last traveller had been, I could only guess; appropriately it might have been John Parkinson in his coffin, or some neighbour carting away his goods.

The haze of Indian summer detached this upland from the cheap transiency of space and time, and preserved for the moment that nice equilibrium between growth and decay which marks the middle autumn; no sowing and no harvesting, no enriching rainfall and no destroying storms, nothing but the drift of the leaves to suggest that the processes of life and death had not come altogether to a standstill. On some such day as this, perhaps, John Parkinson had first discovered this spot, and made up his mind to test its promise of seclusion.

The double row of trees expanded presently into a grove that cut the hill-crest as accurately as a topographer's contour-line; and then, as though to sweep back a curtain with an elegant gesture, the road curved slowly until it opened upon the façade of the château itself. The solid granite walls, the substantial towers, the heavily-slatted roof, bespoke a deliberate determination to retrieve an age long past, and to preserve it intact against the present and the future; yet the building was already falling into an unbecoming and premature decline. The windows had for the most part been broken in, and those on the lower floor had been boarded up, after a fashion, with odds and ends of lumber. In places the mortar had fallen out from between the granite blocks, and here and there the stones themselves were cracking under some miscalculated strain. The architectural style of the *ancien régime* had been in some measure recaptured, but the craftsmanship of the past had eluded the master-builder, and the two granite lions that he had set up so defiantly on either side of the carriage-entrance now lay half-buried in the sod.

A cellar-way offered indirect access to a grand hall, with a staircase of baronial proportions railed in with a piece of board. In the next room, facing the wide entrance, was a carved chair with legs as thick as fence-posts, and a back fully six feet high. The walls were

hung with portraits of gentlemen in curls and lace, gentlemen in *queues* and ruffled shirts, gentlemen in deep sideburns; some half-dozen pictures altogether, all ornamented with armorial bearings, but all obviously of recent execution. On one of the shields there was emblazoned a motto of sardonic irony: "*Nihil desperandum.*"

The next room was a good fifty feet in length and half as wide, with a fireplace twelve feet across and high enough for a grenadier to walk into without bending his head. In front of this fireplace there stood a diminutive Japanese screen, now in tatters, and a painted chair of the kind that any second-hand-man will part with for a dollar and a half.

Upstairs, the fireplaces had been closed with sheets of tin, each provided with a hole for the reception of a stovepipe. The ponderous beds were of a size to correspond with the throne in the drawing-room, and in one corner there was a chest of drawers that had been put together out of the pieces of a packing-case.

Beyond the master's chambers, in a wing of the house, was a room more ruinous than the rest, but of smaller size and therefore not so unconquerably frigid in the winter months. Here, with a cook-stove installed in front of the fireplace, and a bowl or a dish-pan set out on rainy days to catch the water that trickled through the roof, John Parkinson's sisters had managed to get along somehow for a year after the demise of the lord of the manor; and here the neighbours had found them, with their flicker of fire and their dripping ceiling, on the day when the master's belongings were put up for sale.

Old Parkinson was not a native of these parts. He and his sisters had come from nowhere in particular, and had made no confidants, but the neighbours learned eventually that he had been a successful man of trade, with a reputation for expertness in sharp practices. He had retired from business, which was a thing that anyone could understand, but it was clear that he had also attempted to withdraw himself entirely from the modern world. The château had been built, a stone at a time, under his own direction, without a water-pipe, or a drain, or any heating appliance other than the great fireplaces. Before the work was finished, Parkinson's funds ran short, and he was obliged to hack out some of the furnishings with his own hands. Ultimately, he had walled himself in, with his sisters and his portraits, leaving the neighbours to speculate on the chance whether it was freezing or starvation that would eventually bring him out again.

Old Parkinson would not acknowledge defeat; he himself might fall, but there must be no surrender to the world that he had known so well and repudiated so completely. In his last will and testament, he left the estate with all its appurtenances to a nephew, with the stipulation that he should take the name of Parkinson, live in the château, and study and perpetuate the ancient tradition of the family. Failing these conditions, the manorial domain should pass to another beneficiary, who was similarly obligated to undertake the reincarnation of the past. The sisters were forgotten, for they could not be expected to perpetuate the name or maintain the ideals of the house of Parkinson.

When the old man had lain for a decent interval in the grave, the nephew came to examine his inheritance, and went away, again, to sue for an alteration in the terms of the bequest. The second relative, the forlorn hope of the house, did not so much as visit the estate; nevertheless he entered heartily enough into the legal proceedings. A year ago the case was settled; whatever goods the neighbours would buy were sold at auction, the faded sisters were removed into the anonymity of an old ladies' home, and the château itself is now offered for



sale on most favourable terms—a property difficult to dispose of, since the agent can hardly advertise the house as modern throughout.

G. T. R.

## MUSIC.

### THE NEW MUSIC.

THE new music will some day be old, just as the old music was at one time new; for music, like all other things, is subject to the rhythmic changes of time. Since the particular characteristic of the present day, unlike past periods, is an entire absence of individuality, contemporary music naturally fails to exhibit any marks that would strongly distinguish it: it lacks style. There is only one trait that is common to all modern musical works, and that is the apparent determination to break with the past in all respects, and particularly in tone and in form.

The triad is the symbol of bourgeois conformity in music. Indeed, it has become the stamp of the musical Philistine: a bore too tenacious to be done away with, an undesirable to be ignored. The same may be said of the form; the traditional sonata-form with its principal theme, its secondary theme and their development, the repetition and the cadence are much like the courtesy, the well-bred poise, the dignified strut, the appropriate blush and the other details of a handbook of etiquette. The time for all this is past; freedom of form is the slogan of the day.

Prominent musicians are trying, each in his own way, to bring some order out of the resulting chaos. Their different ideas segregate them into groups. There are those among them who have thrown the old system overboard, but nevertheless feel that in music some mathematical system must prevail. Among these "logicians" the strongest figure is that of Arnold Schönberg, a man past forty and the recognized founder of a school. He has substituted a new harmony in the place of the old classical one, making the interval of the fourth its foundation. He invented this system as wireless telegraphy was invented. Some day when the system is more fully developed no poles and wires will be used. In his early days Schönberg composed in the old-fashioned way, with "wires," but afterward he scorned all compromise; accordingly, his later compositions are "wireless." He is almost too consistent in this respect, and lays himself open to the reproach of writing his compositions with his brains rather than with his heart. His influence as a teacher and model is considerable, and, in spite of his oddity, of great pedagogical value; for he is not a musical anarchist, but a propounder of a definite doctrine.

Tone and innovations in tone-effects have never found as favourable a soil in Germany as has musical form; enrichment of tonal-colour always came to Germany from countries with a more original tonal-sense. The present generation has derived the greatest benefit in this respect from the French composers Debussy, Ravel, and Vincent d'Indy; from the German-born Englishman Delius, who is unrivalled in point of his purely Occidental tone-culture; from the Russian Rachmaninov, and more lately from Stravinsky.

Franz Schrecker's chief claim to originality rests upon his tonal-sense. He is among the most noted contemporary composers, and has for some time been director of the High School of Music in Berlin. His talent for tone-combinations is astonishing. His orchestration is colourful and sensuous, but he is still under the spell of the old musical tradition. Judges of style strongly object to the saccharine romanticism of

his self-written libretti, which, though they make him quite popular with the general public, lower him in the estimation of the younger generation of composers in spite of the high regard which they entertain for his profound musical learning. His grand operas "Der ferne Klang," "Die Gezeichneten," and "Der Schatzgräber" are produced in the largest German cities.

But no composer equals the large success of Richard Strauss. Only fifteen years ago he was considered a bold innovator; in the course of time he has come to be regarded as a "classic." The younger generation thinks him and his devotion to the triad old-fashioned; but he still is the fashion, if one may judge by his ever-increasing popularity. Strauss and Schrecker, like Wagner, constantly use all the instruments of the orchestra, all their various tones sounding together at all times. This is now objected to by some of the younger generation, whose refined tonal-sense delights in bringing out the charm peculiar to individual instruments. To-day it is the orchestra that takes its cue from the chamber-music, precisely as in the times of Tschai-kovsky chamber-music tried to assume the character of the orchestra. Varied combinations of single instruments add to the possibilities of experimenting with the monotone. Chamber-music is being written for the different instruments and combinations of instruments; for example, for the wood-winds alone, for wood-wind and strings, etc., just as it was in the times of classical music. Even the voice, instead of being combined with the traditional piano, is now associated with the string-quartet, the harp, the clarinet, and other instruments.

Since social development has made it necessary and possible to produce music for large numbers of persons in large halls, grand orchestras and grand choruses had to be used. Gustav Mahler's great European success is doubtless due in part to his success in meeting the exigency. It is really remarkable that Mahler has in this no successors; it is remarkable also that outside the theatre there are hardly any important compositions that would fill this need for mass-music. The younger generation seems far more intent upon intimate effects than mass-effects. This may perhaps be ascribed to the prevailing economic distress, which makes the financing of large performances difficult; or perhaps it may be due to a feeling that a new thing must be started in a small way. At any rate, there exists a great interest in chamber-music.

Accordingly young composers, like Hindemith of Frankfurt, the Czech Krenek, brought up in the German musical tradition, and others, show a preference for composing for chamber-orchestras. Hindemith is one of the most notable of the younger composers. He can not be said to belong to any school or group. He still follows the old tradition; but he is also an innovator, if not in respect of form, certainly in respect of his care-free, rhapsodically-rhythmical manner of melodizing, and of his rough and at times uncouth harmonization. He is an astonishingly prolific composer, and one of the great hopes of musical Germany; but it still remains to be seen to what heights he will attain.

Recently produced compositions of Ernst Krenek, in spite of their bold manner, plainly show the influence of the pre-classical period of Bach and Händel. It is, indeed, quite natural that this young composer, in his search for new material, a new counterpoint and a new system based less on harmonic structure and more upon a logical melodic charm, should be interested chiefly in Bach and his immediate successors and predecessors than in the classical Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven. To Max Reger is due the credit of the revival of interest in Bach, for which he earned from the



younger composers the reproach of clinging to the "old style." For though they are adherents of the melodic, or "horizontal" principle, these younger composers are set upon combining it with new and bolder forms. All this, however, is still in an experimental stage.

Haba, a young Viennese composer, conceived the idea of enriching the scale by splitting up the half-tones into quarter-tones. On the piano the D sharp and E flat, for instance, are the same tone; but violinists know that those two stops produce different tones on the violin. Whether the ear will be able plainly to distinguish quarter-tones as distinct and independent, may be doubtful; nor is it certain that the added complication can be reconciled with the increasing desire of most men for great and simple verities. But mere conservatism has no call to condemn this new departure; for radicalism, so long as it throws no bombs and does not try to compel the recognition of its tenets by violence, keeps this old world from the stagnation to which, in spite of express trains, aviation, and catastrophes of the exchange, it all too fatally tends.

HEINRICH SIMON.

(Translated by Joseph Dick.)

## LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

### "PSYCHOLOGICAL TYPES."

SIRS: May I correct a point in Edward Sapir's eminently fair and comprehensive review of Jung's "Psychological Types," which appeared in the *Freeman* of 7 November? Mr. Sapir feels that there may be doubt regarding the existence of four functional types of personality, but he adds: "It may be that a given personality tends to find its way in the world chiefly by aid of the intellect, of emotion, of intuitive processes or of sensation."

The italics are mine. Dr. Jung's book is "deep stuff" even for a psycho-analyst of the Zurich school. It requires more than careful reading: it demands study. Hence, it is a lapse from his fair-minded attitude for Mr. Sapir to go on: "We may be quite certain that such a classification is too scholastic to prove entirely sound and workable."

For it is clear to me that Mr. Sapir has not studied the book. If he had, he could not have made so fundamental an error as to use the word "emotion" for the word "feeling." According to Jung, the four functions are thinking, feeling, intuition, sensation. Of emotion he says (page 522): "I use emotion as synonymous with affect. I distinguish . . . feeling from affect. . . . Affect is clearly distinguished from feeling by quite perceptible physical innervations, while feeling for the most part lacks them, etc."

In other words, emotion is irrational, sensational, whereas feeling is rational. The feeling type is often the opposite of an emotional type.

Mr. Sapir concludes: "If the orientation of the extravert is as different from that of the introvert as Dr. Jung says it is, it is obviously vain to expect them to pledge loyalty to the same truths. Must we resign ourselves to a new relativity of the psyche and expect no more of psychology than that it render clear to us the ways of a particular kind of mental attitude? It is impossible to believe that the spirit of man will rest content with a schism. It is certain that orthodoxies will be proclaimed to the end of mortal time."

The book itself answers this complaint in no uncertain way. In presenting a theory of types which explains the cause and origin of the schisms which actually exist and always have existed in philosophy, religion and science, Dr. Jung is creating a bridge of understanding between the opposing camps. When have schisms been avoided? What does the history of nominalism *v.* realism, tender-mindedness *v.* tough-mindedness prove except that every dogma breaks on the rock of types, and that for the extravert one world exists, and for the introvert another? Hence, a theory of types cuts under to the cause of this profound abyss in the human race and prepares the way for a genuine synthesis.

The other answer is this: Why expect "orthodoxies"

from psychology? Psychology is not religion, it is science. And what do we learn from the long chapter on Spitteler except that orthodoxies (or let us say the truth of an age) must not be expected from science, but from art? Dr. Jung puts art as the leader, the revealer. Its intuitions clear the way, it offers reconciling symbols on which all types, at least for the time being, can unite, and science merely follows after, proving the case. This is why Dr. Jung is at great pains to show that "Faust," "Thus Spake Zarathustra," Spitteler's "Prometheus and Epimetheus," are the forerunners of the theory of types and much else in the theories of the new psychology.

The book, rightly understood, is nothing less than a clarification of the new light of our age. It offers, from the camp of science, that positive hope that has been lacking; and it will well repay the most searching scrutiny and the deepest study. I am, etc.,

New York City.

JAMES OPPENHEIM.

### A CORRECTION FROM PROFESSOR LINDSAY.

SIRS: I am sorry that I can not let the misquotation, which has been taken from an erroneous report in the newspapers, of what I said to the Housing Commission in connexion with my report on a fact-finding inquiry concerning the present housing-situation in New York City, pass unnoticed as the illustration, in your editorial entitled "Justice First" in your issue of 31 October, of a social philosophy with which I have no sympathy. I did not say "there must always be a surplus of tenants," but rather practically the opposite, namely, that there must needs be "a surplus of housing or housing-accommodations" in order that we may have a normal equilibrium in rents and in the bargaining-power of tenants and landlords. I do not understand how some of the newspaper-reports misunderstood my statement; but in order to make sure that the record was correct I went before the Commission a second time and publicly corrected the misunderstanding, and was assured by the chairman of the Commission that the Commission itself understood my statement as referring to a surplus of housing and not a surplus of tenants. Several of the newspapers made this correction in reports of the hearings the following day, in their issues of 20 October. Perhaps this correction has not come to your attention. . . .

What I said by way of analogy concerning a surplus of labour, or a certain margin of unemployment, as being at all times apparently necessary in order to maintain an equilibrium in supply and demand and a normal economic rate of wages, was for the purpose of pointing out a generally recognized economic fact. I furthermore took the pains to say in that connexion that this unavoidable economic principle worked serious hardship upon individuals who, for any prolonged period of time, were unemployed, and therefore placed a burden upon society to see that this burden did not rest upon the individual shoulders of the workers, but, through employment-agencies or social insurance, was reduced to a minimum and shifted, as far as possible, as a burden or cost on industry. The inferences that you draw from this statement are therefore incorrect. I did not mean to imply at all that this economic principle was to be advocated or used as a means of keeping wages down. I might just as well have said that a surplus of jobs was necessary to maintain an equilibrium and prevent the monopoly-principle from controlling the wage-rate.

All of which, I submit, makes me ineligible for the mantle of the late Mr. Baer, which I hope you will cast in some other direction. I am, etc.,

New York City.

SAMUEL McCUNE LINDSAY.

WE are sincerely sorry for the injustice done Mr. Lindsay by the reports of his speech, and especially sorry for our own share in unwittingly promoting it.—EDITORS.

## BOOKS.

### A PAINTER'S OPINIONS.

It is difficult to approach the random opinions of Mr. Robert Henri in an exacting critical spirit. Years ago, as a young man just returned from Paris, he infused abundant vitality into American art when our pictorial



expression seemed hopelessly stultified by Whistlerian mediocrities and the Struldrugs of the Hudson River school; he had rare ability not only as a painter but as a teacher and rebellious leader; and his realism, if lacking in profundity, was at least genuine and salutary. To-day, as a man past his prime, successful in more ways than one, with official recognition both here and abroad, he still retains his enthusiasm and his discursive dialectic charm. Latterly his painting has become somewhat perfunctory—the swift and competent execution of lucrative commissions—but neither his academic honours nor his commercial rewards have debauched his belief in the value of plastic beauty. Throughout his career Mr. Henri has talked, preached and taught; he has counselled students, written occasionally for publication, and made many observations on art ranging from purely technical matters to the problem of social needs. His longer discourses, together with innumerable *obiter dicta*, are now collected and offered for what they are worth. The volume<sup>1</sup> is devoid of method and continuity; the author “has no idea that any one should agree with any of the comments; if they irritate to activity in a quite different direction it will be just as well.” It is hard to apply a cruel æsthetic test to opinions frankly put forward as mere stimuli.

From his brief foreword it might appear that Mr. Henri would like to forestall criticism, but I do not think this is so. Notwithstanding his candour, his generosity, and his unpretentious amiability, he has laid himself open to correction on a number of counts. Painters, as a rule, are untrustworthy critics; indeed, it is a significant fact that among the distinguished contributors to the science of æsthetics few have been artists. This does not mean that the painter is deficient in intelligence; in most cases he is intensely preoccupied with materials sensational in themselves and capable in a raw and unordered state of producing such vivid emotions as to preclude philosophic vision. During recent years there has been a marked tendency among painters to assert themselves in print; especially is this true of the modernist schools from which all sorts of creeds and positive formulations have issued. But most of these statements, as I have pointed out before, deal with liberties taken with simple facts of the visual world: geometrical design, and the amusing effects in the unconventional combinations of bits of matter added to the sensuous excitement of varying colour-scales have absorbed the artist's entire attention. All these elements are valuable as means; to a certain extent they are intimately related to the expressive stuff of the mind in its representational journey from the palette to the canvas. Beyond these the painter is rarely at home. He is, like Mr. Henri, too pleasantly concentrated on some particular discovery—the mathematical antiquarianism of Hambidge, the predetermined colour-gamut of Maratta, or the importance of highlights (“Sometimes the sparkle on a button may be vital to the whole composition,” page 253)—to be bothered about universals or to inquire critically into what he is doing. It remains for the philosopher to whom painting is neither the expression of a highly specialized talent nor a technical method, to show how art is a coherent manifestation of reality.

Though Mr. Henri makes no claim to any definite thesis, his ideas may be resolved roughly into two classes, the first of which has to do with the value and appreciation of art. He considers beauty, or happiness—the terms are used synonymously—as “the sensation

of pleasure,” and art as a means of enjoying life. Now this point of view, if consistently pursued, reduces painting to a sensational pastime, and turns the appreciation of pictures into a purely physical reaction. It is an old theory, one that has appeared again and again in the history of art, but almost invariably in declining periods when men with little to say have tried to capture the original creative impulses of the masters by an investigation of the essentially mechanical implements of expression. Critically it has been expounded by the hedonists, somnolent worshippers of beauty who, like Pater, have regarded pictures as narcotic poetry inspirational of sensuous dreams and exotic fancies. The most deadly opponent of the hedonistic fallacy was Tolstoy, whose book on art, sodden as it is with homiletic sentimentalities, contains profound æsthetic truth. Tolstoy maintained that art should be a stimulant to spiritual enlightenment, a means to communicate from man to man certain states of the soul, a vehicle for preserving the nobler elements of the imagination; and that otherwise it was an artificial occupation unworthy of intelligent attention. A distinguished painter of radically modern convictions once remarked that “impressionism was a glorious way of enjoying nature, but that it offered little to the mind.” Mr. Henri does not advocate impressionism, but he has been influenced both as artist and theorizer by an analogous school. Manet, his master, was directly descended from the Dutch and Spanish tone-painters; the Frenchman was not exactly a literalist, but he plied his trade with professional diligence, and concentrated his energies on naturalistic values. Mr. Henri loves the glitter of pigment, the “feel” of the brush, the crisp smell of new canvas. In his opinion the brush-stroke is the man.

The second and most important argument of “The Art Spirit” is concerned with realism. On this subject Mr. Henri has much to say that is valuable to the beginner. While it is true that the greater number of his ideas are technical hints on the rendering of the surface-aspects of the model, still he emphasizes the necessity of the concrete object, and makes it clear that the student must have a tangible point of departure. Art, in its present chaos, demands something powerful and impressive in its actuality; but the student, to get very far in his battle with objectivity, must be in possession of ideas more comprehensive and penetrating than those advanced by Mr. Henri. Realism is primarily and intrinsically a constructive measure; it leaves the presentation of surfaces to the photographer, and proceeds to a complete realization of a tri-dimensional world in which the thickness, fullness and space-filling character of the forms emotionally stirring to the artist are firmly established; it rescues the appeal of pictures from such imitative devices as naturalistic accuracy of tone and the skilful duplication of textures.

Mr. Henri's vision is realistic rather than decorative, but he fails, in the æsthetic sense, to distinguish between realism and imitation. On page 91 he questions the intentions of Renoir and Cézanne: “I have been told in face of their works that these men had no interest in the personalities they painted, no *character* interest, that in fact they loftily avoided seeing any such base element in the ‘motive.’” Of course they had a “*character* interest” in their subjects. There never was and never will be an art of “pure harmonics,” a perfectly organized abstraction which has completely eliminated the human constituents. Such an argument is one of the makeshifts manufactured by small-minded exponents of non-representational form. Renoir's nudes are alive and fleshly; Cézanne's figures

<sup>1</sup> “The Art Spirit.” Robert Henri. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$2.00.



decidedly representative of the French peasantry. But the two great painters were not content to copy nature; instead of satisfying themselves with superficial likenesses they reconstructed their models, made them stronger than life, and used them as symbols expressive of their experiences. Mr. Henri confuses the picturesque with the spiritual; like a romantic photographer he has visited many lands in search of types, hoping to hit upon some countenance that will symbolize the eternal if he but put it on canvas. One might as reasonably expect a novelist to wander up and down the earth until he finds a great character, and then to transfer this character literally into a book. It is his temperamental interest in the picturesque that has made Mr. Henri a portrait-painter.

THOMAS CRAVEN.

### AMERICAN POETRY SINCE 1900.

WHEN Mr. Louis Untermeyer published his first book on American poetry, three or four years ago, the new and extraordinary vitality of the poetic impulse which the early 1910's had seen was still apparently sound and hearty, if somewhat sobered and ripened. One welcomed the challenging affirmations of the book, and thought them, upon the whole, justified. Now comes another work,<sup>1</sup> based partly on the former, and one looks for a change in tone. Has it not been only too abundantly evident, in the time that has intervened, that what at first seemed vitality was hardly more than vivacity, that the poetic impulse was dying rapidly of inanition, and that it was exactly the most robust talents that were going to pieces most ingloriously? Mr. Untermeyer, as the most serious critical spokesman of the whole movement, should have explained this for us, should have drawn some conclusions: whereas, when he has generalized at all, he has but echoed the exultations of his first book, and left us to draw our own conclusions from much that is implicit in his chapters. "With few exceptions," he says at the end, "the poetic feeling for ordinary life is manifest everywhere. . . . Poetry in these days is something more than a graceful escape from life. It is a spirited encounter with it." This at the end of a book which, closely read, is a tragic record of confusions and uncertainties, of abnegations and frustrations, of misdirected energies and unmastered powers!

Let us put the question frankly. Has American life made room for poetry? Has it given these highly-gifted men and women any sense of playing an important and necessary rôle? Has it not rather amused itself momentarily with their more bizarre expressions, exploited them when it chose, and abandoned them abruptly when they most needed a critical audience? What one of these talents can fairly be said to have effectuated itself confidently, quietly, completely? Well, Mr. Frost's, perhaps, alone, with the momentum of his initial recognition in England, and with his good fortune in getting sympathetic criticism. Mr. Masters's debacle, after "Spoon River," is notorious: "What has happened to the poet who caught us with the power of his keen and clipped accents, stripping the verbiage from over-ornate poetry? . . . Briefly, a return to type." Mr. Lindsay, with an amazing gift for rhapsody of an inspired kind, has turned to "poem-games" and propaganda, preferring the rôle of missionary to that of minstrel. Mr. Sandburg has fallen back on "Rootabaga Stories" as Mr. Masters has fallen back on his novels. Miss Lowell's husky Elizabethan voice has never ceased trying to speak now in French, now in Oriental accents; Mr. Robinson, with the most distinguished endowment of all, gave us in 1916 the low-pitched perfection of "The

Man Against the Sky," and has put us off since with verbose Arthurian romances and "dime-novels in verse." The "unadjusted talent" of Mr. Conrad Aiken keeps him hovering indecisively between the acceptance of modern life and the rejection of it; "dissatisfaction with his age and inability to command its attention" have thrown Mr. Ezra Pound back upon an owlish medievalism. And how many lesser figures—Mr. Witter Bynner, Mr. S. V. Benét, Mr. J. H. Wheelock—grope about as if in a spiritual twilight lit not by any stable star but only by the most treacherous will-o'-the-wisps?

Of these latter men it is strikingly clear that they are afflicted by what is indeed a general malady: so far from welcoming and embracing life with the high spirits Mr. Untermeyer speaks of, these poets, almost to a man, exhibit a restless and frequently angry distrust of it that is surely, on so vast a scale, a new thing. "They are in love with their world, passionately, sometimes painfully," says Mr. Untermeyer; but this is simply not true, unreservedly, of any poet in the book save perhaps Miss Millay, and even she, as we know, has her misgivings. Mr. Lindsay has the accents of a yea-sayer; yet "when one pauses to synthesize [his] attitude to life," says Mr. Untermeyer, "one is struck by his amazing distrust of it." He quotes revelatory lines from Mrs. Wylie:

Down to the Puritan marrow of my bones  
There's something in this richness that I hate.

What bleakness there is in Mr. Robinson's irony, what reservations in Mr. Masters's scepticism! Does Miss Lowell's delight in the surfaces argue any confidence in the depths of life? What of the Hellenism of H. D., "routed by a modernity which does not express her and which she can not express"? What of Mr. Untermeyer's "impressionists," "expressionists," "cerebralists"—all these jejune and paltry minds going back on "life" quite frankly, repudiating the effort to interpret it, and vigilantly occupying themselves with form, form, form? Could one imagine a more eloquent commentary than this retreat to the sphere of the plastic arts, on the enervation of all those racy forces and florid energies which have made poetry a self-sustaining mode? Is this to be in love with one's world?

It would be absurd to paint too gloomy a picture of a period which has been rich, after all, in achievement; but the obstinate fact remains that it is a literary achievement of which the elements are whirling centrifugally; that these poets speak not only not a single idiom, but not even a single language; that they have no coherent purposes or common loyalties; that they are habitually suspicious of the world, of each other, of their art itself; that all this comes, if from anything, from their feeling no confirmation from any spiritual centre, no endorsement from any authoritative audience. This it is which makes them, one by one, pessimists and nay-sayers; this it is which fills Mr. Untermeyer's record of two decades with figures who have less in common with one another than Chaucer has with Mr. Chesterton. Compare the thirty-six poets whom Mr. Untermeyer treats separately with any similarly representative group of contemporary Englishmen. Among the latter there would be as much individuality, if less idiosyncrasy; as much variety, if less diversity. Having access as he does to a common fund of emotional vulgar experience, an Englishman can be independent without being tangential; he can keep his feet on the ground and, like Antæus, draw his strength therefrom. There is actually less of a cultural gap between Mr. Hardy and Mr. Hodgson than there is between Mr. Wheelock and Mr. W. C. Williams, Dr. Bridges and Mr. Blunden are mutually more intelligible than Mr. George Sterling and Mr. Wallace Stevens. Is it not this,

<sup>1</sup> "American Poetry Since 1900," Louis Untermeyer, New York: Henry Holt and Co. \$3.50.



more than anything else, that accounts for the thrift with which these Englishmen utilize whatever talents they have, and that winnows their ranks almost entirely of thwarted figures and stillborn reputations?

All this one may insist upon and still believe that among us there is far more real genius than among these others, that there are enough major talents in America to furnish forth, under the right auspices, a whole literary period of no mean proportions. Mr. Frost, Mr. Robinson, Miss Lowell and Mr. Lindsay have enough native endowment among them to keep a poetic tradition alive for a generation. But they breathe an atmosphere which, in spite of Mr. Untermeyer, is toxic to the spirit of poetry; their voices come back to them as echoes, not as antiphonal replies; their age has no employment for their gifts, and it would be strange if they employed them providently themselves. Mr. Untermeyer has made the mistake of crediting a whole population with his own fine feeling, his own literary awareness; when those capacities are more widely diffused, there will be fewer tragedies for critics like himself to chronicle.

NEWTON ARVIN.

### MASTERS AND MEN.

VISITORS to the Chicago stockyards, those sorrowful penitential of blood and grease, used to be told by their cicerone that they were witnessing the functionings of a system that had succeeded in utilizing every commercial unit of the pig except his squeal. Modern publishing-houses are not much behind the up-to-date packing-plant in their efficient handling of an established reputation. No by-product, however ephemeral or obviously incidental, seems to elude their economy. Should the dignity of death some day inconceivably overtake some of our younger authors, the pickings among their posthumous "remains" are likely to be scanty. Biographers who have to follow the development of their genius will be well advised to step warily amid the chronological sequence of their published work. Even the squeal will have been marketed in advance.

Mr. Philip Guedalla's reputation as a "master of epigram" is by now solidly established. To be a master of epigram, it is by no means essential that the epigrams should be of even value. All that is necessary is that they should be produced in an imposing bulk. Mr. James Douglas has "held his breath and gasped" while reading "The Second Empire." Mr. Edmund Gosse, whose fickleness towards "Max" merits a passing reproach, has hailed its author as the one true and original "son of Ariel." On our own side, Mr. Heywood Broun, with the American flair for comparisons which Mr. Guedalla, in one of the present essays, deplores, finds in him "all the elegance of Strachey and rather more fire." The time was certainly ripe for a second instalment of Mr. Guedalla's observations on men and manners, written before the crown of scholarship, which the London *New Statesman* assures us he "wears like a flower," had imposed gravity on his unwrinkled brow.

To do him justice, there is little that is trying to the sensitive ear in the occasional squeals scattered through "Masters and Men."<sup>1</sup> They are often little squeals of delight at the identification of some all-too-human weakness in those donkeys, the other men who write, which as they are pleasantly anonymous we can all, anonymously, enjoy with him. If at times they seem to turn to sniffs, pointed rather cruelly against economic inequalities of birth, education and social milieu, and if the odious charge of intellectual snobbery flickers perilously around them, doubtless the blame should be placed rather upon the system by which the British press recruits its personnel than upon the men who write for it. It is one of the penalties

which England incurs from having but two authentic centres for the production of superior persons, that the field for what might be termed extrinsic criticism, open before Olympians when they descend from Oxford or Cambridge to demean themselves with weekly journalism, is unfairly wide. Thus I can not understand why Mr. Guedalla should so portentously claim France for his province, or why it is worth his while to suspect the essayists of the 'nineties of "having been to Paris once, and probably on the left, the naughtier bank of the Seine." The initial expense of exchanging London for the gayer capital was, in my youth, no more than the equivalent of five dollars at par value, and the "naughtier" bank happened to be also the cheaper one. Neither is it clear, at first sight, just why Quintilian's writings "possess the peculiar quality of being continually quoted by persons who have never read them," nor why "so many people" should confine their reading of Anatole France to prefaces and not go on to the obvious pleasure of finishing "La Vie Littéraire."

It may seem captious, in reviewing a volume in which there is so much that is interesting and well observed, to balk at what are, after all, isolated instances of literary bad manners. No writer without a keen sense of social justice could handle the astounding Colonel Repington and all his implications as neatly as Mr. Guedalla has done it in the space of an eight-page essay. Of what he was already capable when his heart and imagination were seriously engaged, judge from his vision of the man who "rode out, aching and rouged, along the bare hill-sides outside Sedan." "Aching and rouged" is more than an epigram. It is an unforgettable phrase that hurts from its sheer truth.

Perhaps "Masters and Men" marks a phase of literary development through which Mr. Guedalla worked long ago, and whose outstanding vice he had discarded before giving these ephemera to the press. It is one happily absent, until quite lately, from American *belles-lettres*, which Mr. Guedalla, by the way, on the critical side, finds only too sadly sincere and destitute of æsthetic enjoyment. But it is worth noticing a moment, because it is a vice that is beginning to infest the work of a great many men who have not his underlying sincerity nor his equipment for better things. They are men who do not love letters, do not love exact judgments, do not really love anything except themselves and the pleasure of catching the whispered comment that passes round restaurants and cenacles where they foregather. In Rotarian phrase, their concern is to "sell themselves" rather than their product, or, at any rate, to sell themselves first. Their objective is the inferiority-complex; their aim is to intrigue and intimidate by suggesting the unattainable and flirting familiarly with the recondite; and they conceal the real weakness and aimlessness of their advance by a portentous barrage of worldly erudition. In a world where the mass of readers are too busy or too preoccupied to go behind the valuation which a writer sets upon himself, they too often "get away" with it.

Mr. Guedalla tells us that one of the delusions of the critic is that he is read by the author he criticizes. In that case there is little to be done except to wait patiently before making up one's mind about his sincerity until he has been a little more definite on the subject of, say, Quintilian.

HENRY LONGAN STUART.

### THE ART OF LOVE.

CHARLES VILDRAC is a difficult writer to judge, and the more difficult because he almost constantly engages our sympathy. He sets out with a noble aim: to enlist our love for ordinary things, for ordinary men and women and the ordinary world. I emphasize the adjective, for

<sup>1</sup> "Masters and Men." Philip Guedalla. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.



it is for ordinary things as ordinary things that Vildrac solicits our affection. He sees these things always in a fresh way; he sees them, indeed, with an ingenuity which is inexhaustible, remaining simple by means of the continual vigilance and inventiveness of a subtle intellect. But this means that his simplicity is a sort of deliberate exercise; there is nowhere spontaneity in it. He is not simple, as Whitman was; he has imposed simplicity upon himself. His love for simple emotions and simple *rencontres* is not a gesture natural to him, as it was to Whitman; he has seen intellectually the desirability of this love, and he has set out with a capable mind and a subtle technique to attain it. The result is infinitely better than might have been expected; and Vildrac's poems, in spite of a kind of humane sophistication, do very often give an unexpected significance to common things, and in addition respire a continual charm difficult either to define or resist. What separates him from Whitman and also, it seems to me, from greatness, is his treatment of ordinary things as ordinary things. To Whitman, in spite of his immense concern with it, the ordinary was never merely the ordinary. He took unpromising facts and by the rough power of his mysticism endowed them with a significance which was partly æsthetic, partly religious; and never did he leave the mere fact as mere fact. His poetry was essentially metaphysical; he was as much concerned with the cosmos as with the average man; and when he described a simple action, he put into it all the background of his cosmic vision; and this, almost solely, is what makes him such a great figure. Now the cosmos does not come at all into Vildrac's poetry; he is a sort of Whitman without a background; and as Whitman gave meaning to banal things by harmonizing them with an immense reality, so Vildrac gives them meaning by a process which, while not exactly analysis, is something very like it. He reduces normal, habitual sensations to their components, and he shows how delightful these are, and therefore by inference how rich are our sensations, could we but retard for a little our overwhelming tendency to ignore them, could we but give them a simple and friendly recognition. In doing that, he works in a direction diametrically opposite to that of Whitman; but that is not to say that his labour is of no value. It is valuable; it makes us feel in a very original way where "the glow of life" is to be found. But it is not great, for while explaining the ordinary fact, enriching it, indeed, with a host of explanations, it does not raise the fact to the sphere where it is no longer a fact. Vildrac "re-immerses sensation, sentiment, thought," as Verhaeren says exquisitely in the introduction to this volume,<sup>1</sup> "in their sources and makes us share his marvellous new way of feeling the world." It is, then, "a new way of feeling the world" rather than a vision or a miracle that he gives us. That is to say, he does not inspire us; he demonstrates the salutary effects of living in a certain way.

His way of life has yielded him sensations fresh and delightful, if not great; and by the generosity of his art he makes these ours. He is full of passages such as the following, simple, yet in some way originally felt:

Water will not stay long  
In a soft crevice of the earth  
Open to the sky:  
For with noon or the wind  
A little goes by  
To be a cloud-flake or pearls on the grass.

With the topmost tile of your wall  
You can not shut out the sun nor the blue light . . .  
And your feet shall be bare and warm in the sand  
And birds go sailing with your sight.

<sup>1</sup> "A Book of Love." Charles Vildrac. Translated by Witter Bynner. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$2.00.

It is delightful, one feels, to see things so freshly and simply; one has moments when one wishes to do so, even while knowing that this wish is not entirely convincing. For one does not wish in the twentieth century to see things just like this; for this vision, attained though it is by the exercise of many fine qualities, is not only simple; it is also restricted. It is the vision of those people, of whom one is bound to speak with respect, who follow what is called "the simple life"; and Vildrac, in spite of his strong intellect and subtle technique, expresses very often the vision of life held by that small, admirable, but one-ideed sect. He expresses it much better than another disciple of Whitman, Mr. Edward Carpenter, did in England—with more art and wit; but, like Mr. Carpenter, he has taken a very small part of Whitman to weave his world with. It is strange that Whitman's disciples should be on the whole so disappointing, and so unlike him in one respect: his grasp of the world *in toto* and at first hand. Mr. Carpenter has no grasp of the world at first hand, but he tries to get it into his poetry *in toto*. Vildrac ignores the totality of life, but he presents a little of it at first hand. A movement is very often nothing more than the analysis of a great man.

Yet after making this diagnosis there remains disconcertingly and reassuringly the undeniable charm of this "Book of Love." There is in it a genuine and unpretentious affection for things, an attitude of friendliness to the world in which there is no fatuity. To be friendly in such a large way, with so much intelligence, and at the same time so practically, with such a wisdom of intuition, is possible, one feels, only to a very subtle man who is at the same time very good. Vildrac writes with active and watchful benevolence, as if he wished to help the houses, streets and trees which he describes; and all this is done without a trace of sentimentality. He never flounders in the bogs into which a love for humanity so often and so unhappily draws people; he is always clear, free, unembarrassed, in every way salutary. His attitude to the world, an essential one, has so generally been expressed in unpalatably sentimental terms that it is reassuring to find it expressed by him with charm and truth. There is hardly a book of our time which inculcates better a true as distinct from a sentimental humanity. It is a practical manual of the art of loving mankind; and there are few who will not learn something from it.

The translations of Mr. Bynner are deservedly well-known, and this volume will enhance his reputation. His task was one demanding, first and last, finesse; and his translation is packed with that quality; here and there, indeed, one feels it is excessive. For instance, in the line,

You must know how to speak gnarled words,

the adjective is a little too ingenious, a little exquisite in the bad sense. But faults of that kind are rare in the volume. The translation as a whole is a victory of tact.

EDWIN MUIR.

#### SHORTER NOTICES.

"ESSAYS in European and Oriental Literature,"<sup>1</sup> a collection gathered by Mr. Albert Mordell from the columns of the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, will undoubtedly help to magnify the reputation of Lafcadio Hearn as a critic. These fifty studies, written some fifteen years before the Japanese lectures and letters, are free from the textbook-tone of the former and the casualness of the latter. Newspaper-editorials as they are, they give abundant evidence, nevertheless, of seasoned judgment. Hearn lays stress on the moral and sociological aspects of art, showing likes and dislikes similar to those of his later work of the 'nineties. He abhors Zola but does him justice by making clear to the reader his own artis-

<sup>1</sup> "Essays in European and Oriental Literature." Lafcadio Hearn. New York: Dodd, Mead and Co. \$2.50.



tic preferences; he likes Maupassant because that writer has not allowed his idealism to be quenched by the influence of the "grosser school"; but, while Maupassant surprises him, Loti enchants. The four essays interpreting Loti's delicate art are as revelatory as any that have been written during the forty years that have since passed. A pioneer in introducing the foremost French novelists of the 'eighties, Hearn played a similar rôle in making known the researches and translations of Oriental scholars.

G. H.

Now comes, under the title of "The Bachelor Girl"<sup>1</sup> and with expurgations purifying it for the eyes of American readers, a translation of M. Victor Margueritte's scandalous success, "La Garçonne." One can not but regret that these modifications were necessary: though not, as the translator's note suggests, on grounds merely of technique. The artistic value of the book, if genuine, is not very great; its form is that of the conventional French novel, and the behaviour of the personages is made to seem not so much the result of any inner necessity as of M. Margueritte's designs as a sociologist. Those designs, in spite of the imputations that have been made against them, are surely of the most serious; if this book had been a frankly pornographic work, it would undoubtedly have been as free from attack as pornography always is, and its author would still wear the badge of the Legion of Honour. M. Margueritte has satirized the life of the plutocracy in France, of the upper middle-class and the *enrichissés*, and, indirectly, the conduct of the war and the "peace." His purpose is to show the brutalizing and degrading effects not only of war but of a social order which makes war necessary and irresponsible leisure possible for a small class. Strong feeling, trained observation, and a considerable literary power have enabled him largely to achieve his purpose. His account, in the second chapter, of a bazaar at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, "for the benefit of the wounded of France," is a damaging picture of corrupt frivolity with a background of torment and despair.

N. A.

NIKOLAI LYESKOV, whose stories were highly praised by Tolstoy, Chekhov and Dostoevsky, was by no means an obscure figure in his time; but he flourished sturdily in the shade of an unpopularity that was due to his satirical generalizations, frequently unjust, about liberal and revolutionary Young Russia. The men of great genius of his day—Tolstoy, Turgenev, Dostoevsky—were able to survive their dissent from the orthodox revolutionary creed of the period; while Lyeskov, who was merely a man of strong and original talent, remained long under a cloud that dimmed his fame at home and entirely obscured it abroad. At last, however, he is coming into his own. "We are devouring Lyeskov," wrote Thomas Mann in a recent letter to the *Dial*. "There is nothing in Europe to-day like his tremendous talent for story-telling." In the present volume,<sup>2</sup> "The Sentry" is an excellent objective study of military manners in the time of Nicholas I; it reflects in a wonderfully luminous glass the code of the martinet under that autocrat. "The Toupee Artist" is another and blacker illustration of the abuse of despotic power. "The Lady Macbeth of the Mzinsk District" is a cool exposition of passion and horror which for objectivity and unforced dramatic presentation might have been written from another world. The last story exposes the dilemma of ecclesiastical rule, with its unavailing struggle to reconcile the spirit of Christ's teaching with actual Christian practice. Like the others it has that perfection of simplicity and sincerity which was the ideal of the great French and Russian realists.

E. T. B.

It is of minor importance from the disinterested reader's point of view whether the anonymous volume entitled "Haunch, Paunch and Jowl"<sup>3</sup> is in reality the quite untouched autobiography which it is asserted to be. What does matter is that here is a work of exceptional merit and richness—a

vivid epic of the lower East Side, and a picture of a departed era in New York life which is at once fascinating and significant. The author, since this is a posthumous publication, may presumably be exonerated from the selection of the title, which has a clumsiness belied by the contents. The book is as crowded with colours as a painter's palette, and they have been handled with the skill of a master in a narrative which ranges from the harshness of frank realism to the harmonious vibrations of poetry. If the recital seems to run closer to fiction than to autobiography in places, there is no break in the development—no obvious evidences that the portrait has been "touched up." The early chapters, with their pictures of life on the East Side as it was experienced by the youth of a past generation, are done with depth and understanding. They bring one into sharp contact with a civilization which later shaped the political, the social and the economic development of a great metropolis. These boys—with their curious, lawless, highly-coloured existence as street gamins, and the conflicting discipline of public school, home, and *cheder* life—live upon the pages with undeniable force. One gets to know them with an illuminating intimacy. An illuminating intimacy is, in fact, the outstanding merit of this narrative—the thing which gives it its insight and force. Few books have equalled it in the revelation of the influences which were ultimately to find full expression in Tammany, in the ward-heeler, the police-graft, the cheap song writer, and all the queer fish of Manhattan that are not confined in the Aquarium.

L. B.

SOMETIME, in that calm future which may succeed our harassed age, some historian of ideas will apply himself to the study of our modern nature-worship, and will see it perhaps as symptomatic of many things which we ourselves are not aware of. We should only stultify ourselves in his eyes by anticipating his conclusions: and many contemporary analysts, we may suspect, are already doomed to cut a sorry figure before him. What tempts one to premature generalization, however, is to observe how closely the rise of the cult corresponded to the burgeoning of modern industrialism and the desiccation of the humanistic impulses of the Renaissance; to observe how the steady mechanization of human life has turned more and more men away from it to the yet unmechanized life of nature, and how the result has been with them, upon the whole, a de-humanization that has now seemed an ascent, now a decline. How few great "naturalists," after all, have enriched man's knowledge of himself; how many have become good-tempered misanthropes with an aversion for human intercourse. Here, for example, is an account of Henri Fabre,<sup>4</sup> chiefly from his own "Souvenirs Entomologiques," which reveals the great man as the philosopher he was—on the subject of mason-wasps. And here is a collection of essays<sup>5</sup> by Mr. H. J. Massingham which reveal him as an indefatigable student and observer—of furze-wrens and bearded tits. Now no wise man would belittle the enormously fruitful labours of Fabre in a dozen fields, or the sensitive eye and ear which enable Mr. Massingham to write as he does of the flora and fauna of East Anglia. Nevertheless, Fabre's insight had its limitations, which made him reject evolution with a somewhat childish obstinacy and cling to a simple-minded animism; and in Mr. Massingham's writing there is a certain want of robustness and animation, a certain thinness of the air, which seem to come from his preference of birds to human beings. There is perhaps no reason why it need be so, but the retreat to nature seems to have this inevitable effect of impoverishing and debilitating a man's humanity. Mr. Massingham tells of one Frank Buckland, who, according to his biographer, strove so far as is possible to a man "to enter into the feelings of a salmon." What the effort cost him is not recorded: we know that Fabre really managed to "put himself in the place" of his beloved insects. So far as this makes us feel the unity of all life, it is energy well-directed; but so far as it leads to an indifference to the life of human beings and a complacent attitude toward their lot, it seems a melancholy symptom of a mechanized age.

N. A.

<sup>1</sup>"The Bachelor Girl." (From the French of "La Garçonne.") Victor Margueritte. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.00.

<sup>2</sup>"The Sentry and Other Stories." Nikolai Lyeskov. Translated by A. E. Chamot, with an Introduction by Edward Garnett. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

<sup>3</sup>"Haunch, Paunch and Jowl." Anonymous. New York: Boni & Liveright. \$3.00.

<sup>4</sup>"The Human Side of Fabre." Percy F. Bicknell. New York: The Century Company. \$2.50.

<sup>5</sup>"Untrodden Ways." H. J. Massingham. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$4.00.



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